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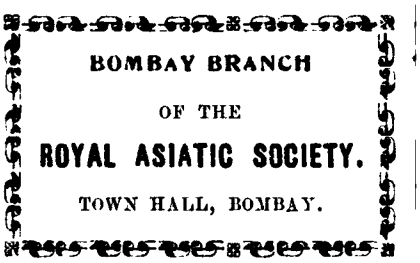

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THE PLAY

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"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

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October, 1904.

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PROGRAMME.

Daly's Theatre.

Under the Management of - - - Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.

PRODUCED MARCH 5TH, 1904.

THE CINGALEE,

OR, SUNNY CEYLON.

A MUSICAL PLAY BY JAMES T. TANNER.

Music by Lionel Monckton. *Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank.*
Additional Dialogue Lyrics and Numbers by Paul Rubens.

Harry Vereker (a Tea Planter)		Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Boobhamba (a Noble of Kandy)		Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON
Sir Peter Loftus (High Commissioner and Judge, Ceylon)		Mr. FRED KAYE
Myamgah (an Indian Servant)		Mr. WILLIE WARDE
Bobby Warren ..	Pupils of Vereker on the Tea Plantation	Mr. HENRY J. FORD
Dick Bosanquet ..		Mr. CONWAY DIXON
Freddie Lowther ..		Mr. ARTHUR HOPE
Jack Clinton ..		Mr. ARCHIE ANDERSON
Willie Wilson.. ..		Mr. J. BODDY
Captain of the Guard		Mr. NORMAN GREENE
Attendant		Mr. F. J. BLACKMAN
AND		
Chambhuddy Ram (a Baboo Lawyer)		Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Nanoya (a Cingalese Girl)		Miss SYBIL ARUNDALE
Peggy Sabine		Miss GRACIE LEIGH
Naitooma	Four Tea Girls on Vereker's Plantation.	Miss CARRIE MOORE
Sattambi		Miss ALICE D'ORME
Mychellah		Miss FREDA VIVIAN
Coorowe		Miss DORIS SEVERN
Angy Loftus (Sir Peter's Daughter)		Miss DORIS STOCKER
Miss Pinkerton ..	Angy's Governesses	Miss NINA SEVENING
Fräulein Weiner ..		Miss MARY FRASER
Mademoiselle Chic ..		Miss MABEL HIRST
Signorina Tasso ..		Miss JOAN KEDDIE
AND		
Lady Patricia Vane..		Miss ISABEL JAY

Pas Seul in Act II. by Miss TOPSY SINDEN.
The Parahara Dances by the SISTERS AMARANTH.
Devil Dancing by Mr. LOKU BANDA and Mr. WILLIE WARDE.

ACT I. .. *Vereker's Tea Plantation, "Karagama," Ceylon* ..
ACT II. .. *Boobhamba's Palace by the Lake at Kandy* ..
} By HAWES CRAVEN

Business Manager for Mr. George Edwardes	Mr. G. E. MINOR
Stage Manager	Mr. J. A. E. MALONE
Musical Director	Mr. BARTER JOHNS

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. I. "THE CINGALEE." Vol. I.

Nanoya—MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE.

THE CINGALEE

OR, SUNNY CEYLON.

A Musical Play, By JAMES T. TANNER.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Lyrics by ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENBANK.
Additional Dialogue Lyrics and Numbers by PAUL RUBENS.

Produced at DALY'S THEATRE, on March 5th, 1904, by MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

Harry Vereker (a Tea Planter)		Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Boobhamba (a Noble of Kandy)		Mr. Rutland Barrington
Sir Peter Loftus (High Commissioner and Judge, Ceylon)		Mr. Fred Kaye
Myamgah (an Indian Servant)		Mr. Willie Warde
Bobby Warren	Pupils of Vereker on the Tea Plantation.	Mr. Henry J. Ford
Dick Bosanquet		Mr. Conway Dixon
Freddie Lowther		Mr. Arthur Hope
Jack Clinton		Mr. Archie Anderson
Willie Wilson		Mr. J. Boddy
Captain of the Guard		Mr. Norman Greene
Attendant		Mr. F. J. Blackman
AND		
Chambhuddy Ram (a Baboo Lawyer)		Mr. Huntley Wright
Nanoya (a Cingalese Girl)		Miss Sybil Arundale
Peggy Sabine		Miss Gracie Leigh
Naitooma	Four Tea Girls on Vereker's Plantation	Miss Carrie Moore
Sattambi		Miss Alice D'Orme
Mychellah		Miss Freda Vivian
Coorowe		Miss Doris Severn
Angy Loftus (Sir Peter's Daughter)		Miss Doris Stocker
Miss Pinkerton	Angy's Governesses	Miss Nina Sevening
Fraulein Weiner		Miss Mary Fraser
Mademoiselle Chic		Miss Mabel Hirst
Signorina Tasso		Miss Joan Keddie
AND		
Lady Patricia Vane		Miss Isabel Jay.

Pas Seul in Act II. by Miss Topsy Sinden.
The Parahara Dances by the Sisters Amaranth.
Devil Dancing by Mr. Loku Banda and Mr. Willie Warde.

Act I.—Vereker's Tea Plantation, "Karagama," Ceylon
Act 2.—Boobhamba's Palace by the Lake at Kandy .. } By Hawes Craven.

Business Manager for Mr. George Edwardes	Mr. G. E. Minor.
Stage Manager	Mr. J. A. E. Malone.
Musical Director	Mr. Barter Johns.

PEARL OF SWEET CEYLON

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS. MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

SUNG BY MR. C. HAYDEN-COFFIN.

p a tempo

Pearl of sweet Cey - lon, Dear - - er and rar - er

p a tempo

Than on East-ern queen Ev - - er has shone;

cres:

Fair though gems have been, Her face is fair-er;

cres:

Ped. *

f *rit:*

How I long to win and wear her. Pearl of sweet Cey lon!

mf *rit* *dim*

Beyond the bar of fair Manaar
The diver seeks for pearls,
I know a gem outshining them—
A jewel queen of girls;

The fairest, the rarest,
In worth so far above,
No man alive, in the sea would dive
So deep as I in love.

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On the Tea Plantation

Mr. A. Anderson. Mr. H. J. Ford. Mr. A. Hope. Mr. Conway Dixon

Pupils:- "You should all be in the fashion~
Just like that."

We wonder where
across the sea
A ship will bear
our precious tea:
When dried, and rolled
& sold for gold,
What will
its future be?

Miss Severn · Miss D'Orme · Miss Vivian

"Nice girl!
It's the climate!!"

Haitooma~
Miss Carrie Moore.

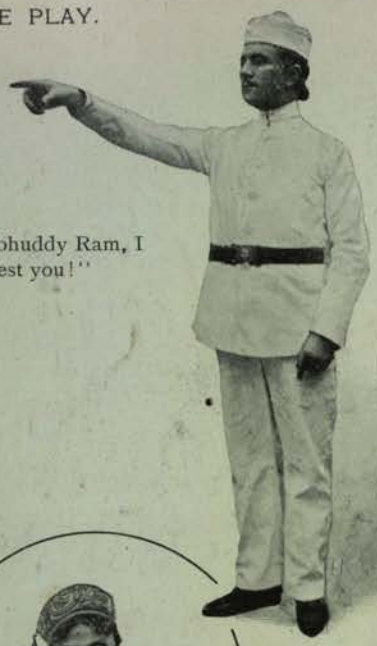
Sir Peter Loftus~
Mr. Fred Kaye.

HARRY:—"Yes, you must be taught indeed. How to write and how to read."

HARRY:—"No! You mustn't come too near. England and Ceylon are far apart."

PEGGY SABINE (MISS GRACIE LEIGH):—"Married at four years! Wh t a nice country!"

LADY PATRICIA:—"What a shame for me to come in and upset your plans. Who is she?"



"Chambhuddy Ram, I arrest you!"

"I must see the Judge at once."

"I have been wafted from England on the wings of the South-Western."

'CHAM':—"Every perfect English 'gent' carries the umbrella. He may forget his wife, but never the umbrella.

These are trousers—real London trousers. No English 'gent' allowed in society without London trousers—unless he is Scottish!"

BOOBHAMBA:—
"I HEAR THE RASCAL CHAMBHUDDY RAM HAS BEEN SEEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. ARREST HIM, AND KEEP HIM UNDER GUARD."

CHAM:—"MY CARD.
CHAMBHUDDY RAM, TEMPLE BAR AT LAW, LONDON."

BOOBHAMBA:—"HE'S NO PRINCE. HE'S A PETTIFOGGING LAWYER."

CHAM:—"MOST RESPECTABLE AND GLORIOUS BIG POT — I AM PROSTRATE WITH JOY AT BEHOLDING YOUR BENEVOLENT FACE."

SIR PETER:—"WHAT IS THE CHARGE?
CHAM:—I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, AS THE CABMAN SAID."

Notes at the Trial.

CHAM:—"I am a first-class British subject, I will not be shut up like a cock-a-hoop in a hen-box."

. . . .

SIR PETER:—"And the name of the girl?"

BOOBHAMBA:—"She has sixteen—

SIR PETER:—"Take them as read."

. . . .

BOOBHAMBA (to Cham):—"In 24 hours you produce my wife and the great black pearl, or I shall see you in the dock."

. . . .

CHAM (to Sir Peter):—"May I have one more confab, most worshipful big-head. I gave the pearl to a fashionable lady in London—in conservatory—after dinner—*you* know—I was the gay old cock."

HANOYA:—"OH! MY HUSBAND COMES."

CHAM:—"DO NOT BELIEVE HIM. HE IS A FAT-HEADED HINCOMPOOP I AM A GREAT MAN. BUT I MUST NOT BLOW MY OWN CLARIONET."

THE VERSATILE "CHAM" BECOMES AN ELEPHANT.

PEGGY:—"This must be a poor n ‹tive woman in dis‹ress."
'CHAM' *(disguised)*:—"No pearl on the rotten collar."

PEGGY:—"He's not much to look at."
'CHAM':—"News for Mother!"

"Behold! all told, the girl and the pearl!"

HARRY:—"No power can bind your heart and mind away from me, your lover."

VEREKER'S TEA PLANTATION *(Hawes Craven)* - - **"The Cingalee." Act I.**

LADY PATRICIA VANE:—"So you are Nanoya? I don't want to marry Harry. We're too good friends for that. I should prefer a nice, little, almond-eyed Count, to match my suite of furniture."

No. I.

MISS ISABEL JAY.

"AM I to be interviewed?" Miss Jay asked sweetly. "Oh dear no," I replied, the interview belongs to the prehistoric age. This is merely an informal chat, in the course of which you will contrive to be brilliantly epigrammatic; your conversation will simply scintillate, and an admiring public will gape at the unique combination of beauty and intellect personified by you." Miss Jay paled perceptibly, while I fumbled for the remains of a disused envelope.

"What a charming room," I remarked to relieve the tension, and I felt tempted to add, "what a duck of a gown," but this hardly lay within my province.

"Now, how does one begin," queried Miss Jay. "One doesn't begin," I answered oracularly, "one simply continues in one's best conversational vein. For instance, suppose we talk of motors?"

"Brilliant idea," said Miss Jay, "I can tell you something awfully interesting, even sensational. My husband," she began, "has just invented a patent non-skidding appliance, which is absolutely reliable. You merely press a disc, and skidding becomes impossible. Well, we sent our Darracq Car to have the appliance fitted, as my husband intended to publicly test his invention at the Reliability Trials. Judge of our surprise when we were informed that a fire had taken place at the works, and that the car, which was removed to a yard adjoining for safety, had been stolen. I was so upset that I was unable to play at night. Of course, we put the matter in the hands of Scotland Yard, but without avail.

"Yes, I love Savoy Opera. Mabel in the *Pirates of Penzance*, and Phyllis in *Iolanthe*, are my favourite parts. I think a good Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire company would go. Don't you?"

"I like Daly's audience—they are so responsive, and it is so different from my concert experiences. Concert goers are so frigid and chilling. The Sunday League Concerts are, of course, exceptional. The audience there are dears."

"Hobbies? Oh, motoring and my baby. She's really a wonderful baby. Yes, I know all mothers think that; but she is *really* wonderful. When she was only a few months old she could lisp, 'Hark to the sound of coo-oo-oo;' and when she's cross I hum the same tune, and she smiles all over."

"Her name? Cecilia Claribel Cavendish."

"That's my cue; I must fly. Good night."

No. 2.
MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE.

WHEN I hear a particularly bright and bewitching laugh I immediately look around for Miss Sybil Arundale. Laughter of the most exhilarating kind is one of her chief characteristics. It gleams from her brown eyes and sparkles on her lips. You can see it in the curves of her pretty mouth, waiting for the slightest provocation to break forth.

If I had a fine brand of champagne to sell, I should have Miss Arundale's laugh set to music, and advertise it as the nearest approach to the effect produced by drinking this particular wine.

Miss Arundale was standing before the mirror.

Her dog—she has three of them—was lying curled up on the couch. I diplomatically made friends with the dog.

"Isn't he a dear?" she said. "I love dogs and horses; I'm a regular tom-boy. Yes, I was born to be a boy." She sighed deep'y, and I tried to assure her that Nature rarely made mistakes in matters of this kind.

"I am Irish, and I love everything Irish," she said. I remembered that I was at least half Irish, and hastened to tell her so.

"Ah, thin shure and we're kindred spirits," she rejoined, with a delightful assumption of the Kerry brogue.

"I've been on the stage since I was seven. Yes, I'm quite an old stager. I just loved *My Lady Molly*, and I am sincerely grateful to Mr. Sydney Jones for giving me my first real chance. The audiences at Terry's were so kind, too."

"Ah, that reminds me, Miss Arundale, how many proposals do you receive per night?" "Oh, heaps!" This with a merry laugh. "And, of course, you are simply overwhelmed with diamond tiaras, motor cars, and little trifles of that kind?" She looked thoughtful, and then, with a shake of her head, "Um! No, the audiences have not quite risen to that yet." Another peal of laughter, while I remarked that doubtless the *jeunesse dorée* would take the hint.

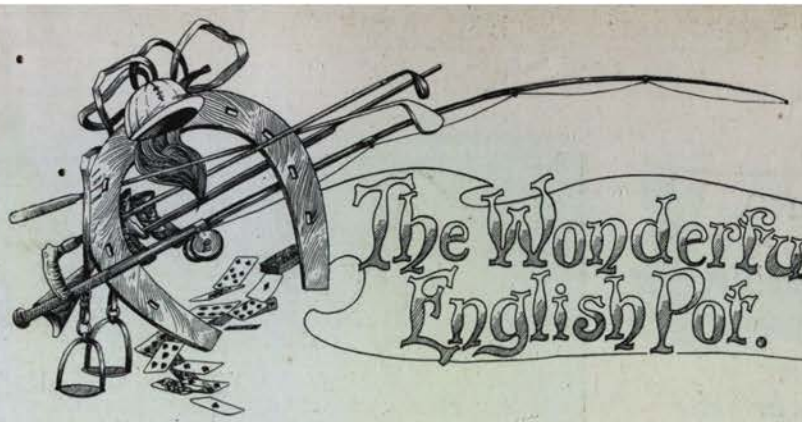
"I ride, golf and swim, and I think acting jolly hard work, but I love good acting parts all the same, and I want to play in real comedy."

"But this part fits you like a glove; you are an ideal little Cingalee, and I am sure you were specially created for it." She protested, but I went on unabashed.

"Your success confirms Mr. Edwardes' almost weird prescience and your own capacity for big work, but there's the call boy's autocratic voice."

LOUIS VINCENT.

NANOYA:—"Harry such a nice boy Nanoya not like to tell him. When Nanoya four years old they marry her to great big nobleman."



The Wonderful English Pot.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL A. RUBENS.
SUNG BY MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

"Like a nice white chop
Is the undressed top
Of the wife of the English pot."

"IF English pot a rich man be,
He spend it all in a day;
When finished with a thing, then he
Will throw the lot all away.
He buy a cab for half-a-crown,
To drive about all over town,
And when he's done he give it back
To the coachman on the box!"

REFRAIN. *Slower.*

This won . der . ful Eng . lish Pot, Is ve . ry lux . u . rious
man, For he loves to brag Of Glads . tone bag And
col . lar of as . tra . chan This beau . ti . ful Eng . lish
Pot, He al . ways ex . claims "Eh! what?- If he
do this well He's a fear . ful swell, Is this won . der . ful Eng . lish Pot.

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THE STORY OF ACT 2.

"Ladies, honorable misters, and dear old cocks —I am a hero. I deserve the Victoria Station Cross. The ladies smile at me. The gentlemen swear at me."

THEY may come into the palace on approval, "if they promise to be very good girls."

And Nanoya, thanking Boobhamba for this little concession, joyfully rushes out to meet her tea-girl friends, who have travelled all the way to Kandy to see Nanoya married.

Boobhamba's gorgeous palace, with its adjacent grounds and fine lake, is surely a very desirable abode for any wife. But not so for Nanoya, who is too unhappy to notice her surroundings. Moreover, Boobhamba, whose views with regard to marriage are conspicuous for their broadness, already possesses so many wives, that, to prevent mistakes and consequent jealousy, they are compelled to wear dresses each distinctive and different in colour; and this knowledge alone might reasonably disturb Nanoya's peace of mind, but for the fact that her thoughts are only of Harry, whom she realises she may never see again.

Meanwhile, extensive preparations are being made for the marriage, and Nanoya is kept under lock and key.

'Cham' enters the palace a hero, and is cheered accordingly; and when he finds that Peggy Sabine, who, you will recollect, is Nanoya's governess, is also in the palace, he at once continues a flirtation, commenced in London, and implores her to say that she loves him.

Peggy is ready to promise the little lawyer anything if—he will set Nanoya free; the answer to which is "A ladder up to that window, a boat across that lake, and, presto!—I will rescue this girl and perish."

And perish he nearly does, for he is caught in the act of passing through Nanoya's window, and a moment later, thanks to Boobhamba's guards, he finds himself tied up in a sack and taking a headlong dive to the bottom of the lake.

By this time Harry, determined to rescue Nanoya at all costs, gets into the palace disguised as a rickshaw attendant. He is accompanied by his cousin, Lady Patricia Vane, who, to help Harry in his little plot, begs Boobhamba to allow Nanoya to go for a drive round the lake, "and she shall have my own rickshaw," adds Lady Patricia.

Boobhamba ultimately consents, and Nanoya recognises in the rickshaw attendant her "nice boy, Harry."

Although the plans of the rescuers are momentarily frustrated when Boobhamba's big guards present themselves to attend Nanoya in her ride, the entanglement is presently straightened out, to everybody's satisfaction, through the instrumentality of the indefatigable 'Cham.' After he has "drunk the lake," and unconsciously swallowed a potent sleeping draught, 'Cham' promises to pull Harry out of the frying-pan by the skin of his tooth. "Trust me! Of course, you can. Would I kill the calf that lays the fatted egg?"

And then, as a wily astrologer, this good-natured trickster casts horoscopes, concerning Boobhamba's future, of a fearful and wonderful nature. "Stop!" cries the disguised 'Cham,' "the stars forbid the marriage!!"

Boobhamba, who has only one shade of colour unrepresented in his harem, suddenly becomes enamoured of another lady, and insists upon Nanoya being restored to her lover, thus paving the way for an immediate finale on conventional happy lines.

FRED DANGERFIELD.

Chambhuddy Ram—MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

LADY PATRICIA VANE—MISS ISABEL JAY.

'CHAM':—"Do you love me? *(Shaking her)* You have to be well shaken before taken. When will you be mine, Peggy? Speak! I sit on the spike of suspense."

PEGGY:—"Why did you tell me in England you are a prince? Are you or are you not?"
'CHAM':—"It is open to discussion."

PEGGY:—"You have taken an unfair advantage Go away at once."
'CHAM':—"I will, but, remember, you will never again look at my irregular, but—good-natured mug."

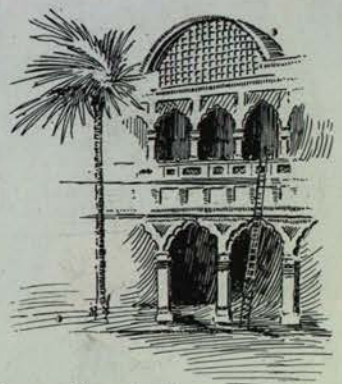
"Not go to England! Little tea-girls make nice homes for husbands here."

Sir Peter:- "He's shut her up,— you see that window—"

"Will little Nanoya give her Booby a kiss before she goes?"

Lady Patricia. "Where is the bride now, Sir Peter?"

—Boobhamba— Mr. Rutland Barrington.



Cham:- THERE'S NANOYA'S WINDOW, & HERE'S MY LADDER. NANOYA COME QUICKLY IS IT FOR A WOMAN LIKE THIS I AM RISKING MY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LIFE?

PARTS OF ME ARE ALL RIGHT!

Boobhamba:-A LADDER AT NANOYA'S WINDOW! CHAMBHUDDY AS I LIVE! AT LAST I HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING RID OF HIM INTO THE LAKE WITH HIM!!

Cham:- I'VE DRUNK THE LAKE!

BEAUTY IN "THE CINGALEE"

Miss Joan Keddie.

Miss Mabel Airlie.

Miss Mary Fraser.

Miss Nina Sevening.

Miss Doris Stocker.
(Angy.)

ANGY AND HER FOUR GOVERNESSES.

Mr Huntley Wright as Monkey No 2

Monkey number one, monkey number two.
Couldn't see the logic, only saw the Zoo,
In the fog & smuts they couldn't live for nuts,
Oh, my! what a sick-y pair of monkeys!

Monkey number one, monkey number two,
Very shortly after start to bill & coo;
Parents got enraged, these monkeys got engaged,
Oh, my! what a "spooney" pair of monkeys!

'CHAM' (to Boobhamba) :—"This marriage cannot take place—the stars forbid it. Release the bride."

Harry is free to marry his Nanoya.
"My wife for life is my Cingalee!"

BOOBHAMBA'S PALACE *(Hawes Craven)* - - - - - **"The Cingalee." Act 2.**

PROGRAMME.

Apollo Theatre.

Sole Proprietor - - - - - - Mr. HENRY LOWENFELD.
Lessee and Manager - - - - - - - Mr. TOM B. DAVIS.

Mr. George Edwardes' Season.

PRODUCED MAY 18TH, 1904.

THE COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED:

VÉRONIQUE.

BY A. VANLOO AND G. DUVAL.

Music by André Messager. *English Version by Henry Hamilton.*
Lyrics by Lilian Eldée and Percy Greenbank.

Ermerance, Countess de Champ Azur		Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM
Agatha	(Madame Coquenard)	Miss KITTY GORDON
Aunt Benoit		Miss SYBIL GREY
Dénise	(her Niece)	Miss MAUDI DARRELL
Sophie	Florists AND	Miss LULU VALLI
Elisa		Miss HILDA CORAL
Zoë		Miss TILLY MAY
Irma		Miss JESSIE BROUGHTON
Héloise		Miss DORRIEN HOOD
Hélène de Solanges		Miss RUTH VINCENT
Florestan de Valiancourt		Mr. LAWRENCE REA
Mons. Loustot	(A Bailiff)	Mr. FRED EMNEY
Seraphin	(A Groom)	Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD
Octave	Florestan's Friends	Mr. VICTOR SEYMOUR
Félicien		Mr. HENRY VINCENT
Achille	Waiters	Mr. AKERMAN MAY
Max		Mr. HENRY ADNES
Orderly	(Of the National Reserve)	Mr. BERNARD DUDLEY
Mons. Coquenard	AND	Mr. GEORGE GRAVES

ACT I.	*Coquenard's Flower Shop*	JOSEPH HARKER
ACT II.	*The Tourné Bride, Romanville*	JOSEPH HARKER
ACT III.	*Reception Room, The Tuileries*	JULIAN HICKS

The action of the Play takes place in Paris. Period, 1840.

The Opera Produced for Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES by Mr. SYDNEY ELLISON.

Stage Manager	For Mr. George Edwardes	Mr. MICHAEL W. RING
Musical Director		Mr. ARTHUR WOOD
Acting Manager		Mr. E. J. BIGGS

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 2. "VERONIQUE." Vol. I.

Florestan (Mr. Lawrence Rea):—"You are laughing, ah! tell me why!"
Hélène (Miss Ruth Vincent):—"Mayn't I laugh, sir? why should you mind?"

Madame Coquenard—MISS KITTY GORDON.

THE STORY OF "VERONIQUE."

WHEN a little more than a year ago "Véronique," in the French, was produced at the Coronet Theatre, all fashionable London went, and remarked how very refreshing it was, and how charmed they all were with the music, and there were some who wondered what kind of a reception would be given to an English version of this most tuneful of Comic Operas. The answer came on May 18th last, when "Véronique," brilliantly attired in English clothing, made its bow at the Apollo Theatre before an audience that rapturously applauded everything. And seeing that Mr. George Edwardes, who is managerially responsible, has employed for this production the sound judgment of Mr. Sydney Ellison, the producer, the excellent taste of Mr. Percy Anderson, who designed the costumes, and the artistic skill of Mr. Joseph Harker and Mr. Julian Hicks, the scenic artists, one may be sure that the *mise-en-scène* is as pretty and delicate as money and brains can make it. Nothing, for instance, could be more exquisite than the apple-green interior of Coquenard's flower-shop, wherein pretty girls in coal-scuttle bonnets and gowns of a delicate shade of green, attend to the wants of their customers—the dandies of picturesque Paris in 1840; or again, the lovely glade—the Tourné Bride, at Romanville—with its blossoming chestnuts and fruit trees, its glimpse of river, and its merry holiday crowds; or, yet again, the magnificent mauve and silver Reception-Room in the Tuileries.

* * * *

The story of "Véronique," by MM. Vanloo and Duval, and now admirably retold by Mr. Henry Hamilton, is slight with the slightness of a flower on its stem. The matrimonial fate of the beautiful Mdlle. Hélène de Solanges hangs in the balance. It appears that Count Florestan de Valiancourt is in the unique position of being compelled to either marry that lady, whom he has never even seen, or go to the debtors' prison, this being the edict of his uncle, an important personage at Court, who is determined to end his nephew's extravagance. Now, Florestan is the gayest of gay bachelors, and one of the few things that does not appeal to him is matrimony. And so it comes about that when he pops into the florist's shop for a little desperate flirting with Madame Coquenard he is actually watched by Hélène, who has just previously called at the shop, with her aunt, to purchase flowers. And presently, to her intense dismay, Hélène overhears her betrothed describe her as a "dowdy little frump, a goose, with white eyelashes and sandy pigtails." This is much more than a really pretty girl can stand, and Hélène forthwith resolves to punish him by a harmless little deception. She will call herself "Véronique," and her aunt, the Comtesse, shall be called Estelle, and before the latter has time to realize the situation Hélène is beseeching Coquenard to give them both employment in his flower-shop. Meanwhile Florestan returns, and, being absolutely fascinated by Hélène, he invites her and everybody in the shop to form a a picnic party in honour of his last day as a bachelor.

* * * *

On the afternoon of this same day we meet Hélène and her aristocratic aunt, disguised as a pair of flower-girls, making merry in a tea-garden at Romanville. The pretended Véronique is not slow in bringing Florestan to her feet. He is completely subjugated by the charms of this "little work-girl, who gives herself the airs of a duchess." But she merely laughs at his protestations of love, and eventually gives him the slip. She leaves a note for Florestan, who is broken-hearted, and who declares that he will go to prison rather than marry Mdlle. de Solanges, and then, like the famous prince in "Cinderella," he swears he will search for Véronique until he finds her.

His search ends the same evening at the Reception given by the King at the Palace of the Tuileries. Here Florestan learns, to his astonishment, that the pretty flower-girl, to whom he has lost his heart, is none other than his affianced Hélène. At first he is inclined to resent the trick she has played upon him, but when Hélène offers the kiss she refused him earlier in the day he can hold out no longer, and—all ends happily.

* * * *

The music which M. Messager has woven round the story of "Véronique" is throughout characteristic for its delicate refinement and charm. In a word, the music is delightful, and is alone worth a visit to the Apollo.

FRED DANGERFIELD.

Hélène de Solanges—MISS RUTH VINCENT.

MISS JESSIE BROUGHTON
What can we show you, gentlemen, to-day?
Look at this rose and that pretty pink—
A rather *dark* complexion, did you say?
Red roses should suit her, I think.
MISS TILLY MAY
"Oh, what a dainty profession is ours!"
MISS LULU VALLI.
MISS HILDA CORAL

Helene's little plot to punish Florestan.

As along the streets we wander
Your advertisement we see.
Estelle cries, "Look over yonder,
Here's a chance for you and me!"
Wanted, girls of good appearance—
Well! of looks we're not devoid,
And, but for your interference,
We must join the unemployed.

Do not miss a chance like this
For seldom they occur.
Take Estelle and Véronique
Into your service, sir!

ORDERLY: "A despatch for Captain Coquenard, sir."
COQUENARD: "*Captain!* It's come at last! Agatha! Agatha! I'm a captain! Salute, sir! As you were, sir! Take my compliments to the Deputation and say I, Captain Coquenard, ask them to be my guests at Romanville to-day. The wine will be good and the girls will be pretty. Form a square, sir! Dismiss, sir!

The King will hear of this great honour. He will ask us to the Ball.

COQUENARD:

"Pull yourself together, Agatha, or you'll take root. I'm just going to run round to the hot-house. The pansies are liable to burst into bud at any moment, and I want to be present at the pop"

Flowers of spring-time, sweetly scented,
Such a profusion, and such a display!
Customers should be quite contented,
What can we tempt you with to-day?

"The old way, madame, the old way—
slow horses—quick women!"

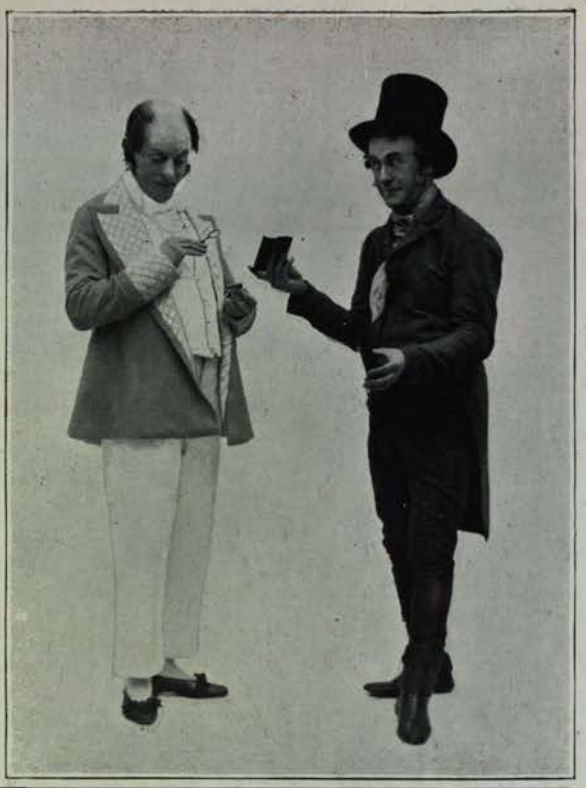
Séraphin—
MR.
AUBREY
FITZ-
GERALD.

Ermerance—
MISS ROSINA
BRANDRAM:

"Yes, ladies,
in me you
don't behold
an ordinary
groom, but a
bridegroom."

Mons. Loustot—MR. FRED EMNEY:
"Not horrid, but fussy!"

LOUSTOT :—"Yes! I'm the last of the barons, sir, pocket edition."
COQUENARD :—"Of course, baron, you're a bit of a connoiseur in wine. 've got a bottle of the finest Burgundy. To keep it to the proper temperature, I always keep a hen on it."



LOUSTOT :—"Do you smoke? Try one of these."
COQUENARD :—"I see you are a collector of antiquities."
LOUSTOT :—"Everything has an end—even a cigar."
COQUENARD :—"This one's had a fearful end."

COQUENARD :—"As I am in command to-day, Attention! Quick march! And away!"
ALL. :—"Off we go! Off we go! 'Twill be a jolly picnic party!"

Florestan invites Veronique to the Picnic.

We're starting for a holiday,
And if you've nothing else to do,
We shall be glad if both of you
Will join us. What do you say?

Beneath the trees we'll *tête-à-tête*,
Or through the shady woods we'll roam,
And not until it's late
Will we think of coming home.

Coquenard toasts the Bride and Bridegroom.

COQUENARD:—"Madam, I have kissed you, and I shriek at the deed! May I encircle this sylph-like form? shall we strike terra-firma

COQUENARD:—"Ladies, you're missing all the fun; they're positively roystering in yonder coppice. They're playing Aunt Sallie. They've mistaken me for Auntie three times."

COQUENARD:—"Gaze upon this loving pair. Here we see the beautiful bride and the doubtful bridegroom. On the one side 'Innocence,' on the other 'Craft.' Why innocence? Because she fondly imagines he can keep her in comfort. Why craft? Because he knows he can't. To the bride and bridegroom!"

Come, drink a toast to man and wife,
And wish them good luck ever after,
May fortune smile, and fill their life
With happiness, sunshine, and laughter!
And by and by, when years have flown,
May their affection still be noted,
And husband to wife be devoted,
Even as Darby was to Joan.

Denise—MISS MAUDI DARRELL.—"Oh! there's a beetle!"

THE PICNIC AT ROMANVILLE.

"After the next set, we'll all kiss partners. I'm getting on."

"Don't neglect the feast for the fair, but bring the fair to the feast."

"Trot here and there!
Take care, take care!
Never slipping,
Never tripping.
Dear little donkey,
Trotting here and there,
Take care, take care!
A bunch of carrots soon
shall be your fare."

FLORESTAN:

"I've been looking for you all my life."

VERONIQUE:

"A very pretty speech, but I'm only a work-girl; keep your kisses for the hand on which you put the wedding ring. Your destiny's a high-born lady."

Ermerance (MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM): "The donkey ran away with me and threw me into a dry ditch. I thought everything was over——"

COQUENARD: "And it was. My eyeballs have not yet regained their sockets. I never saw such lace, madam! As one of the boys of the old brigade, lace played sad havoc with my heart in days gone by."

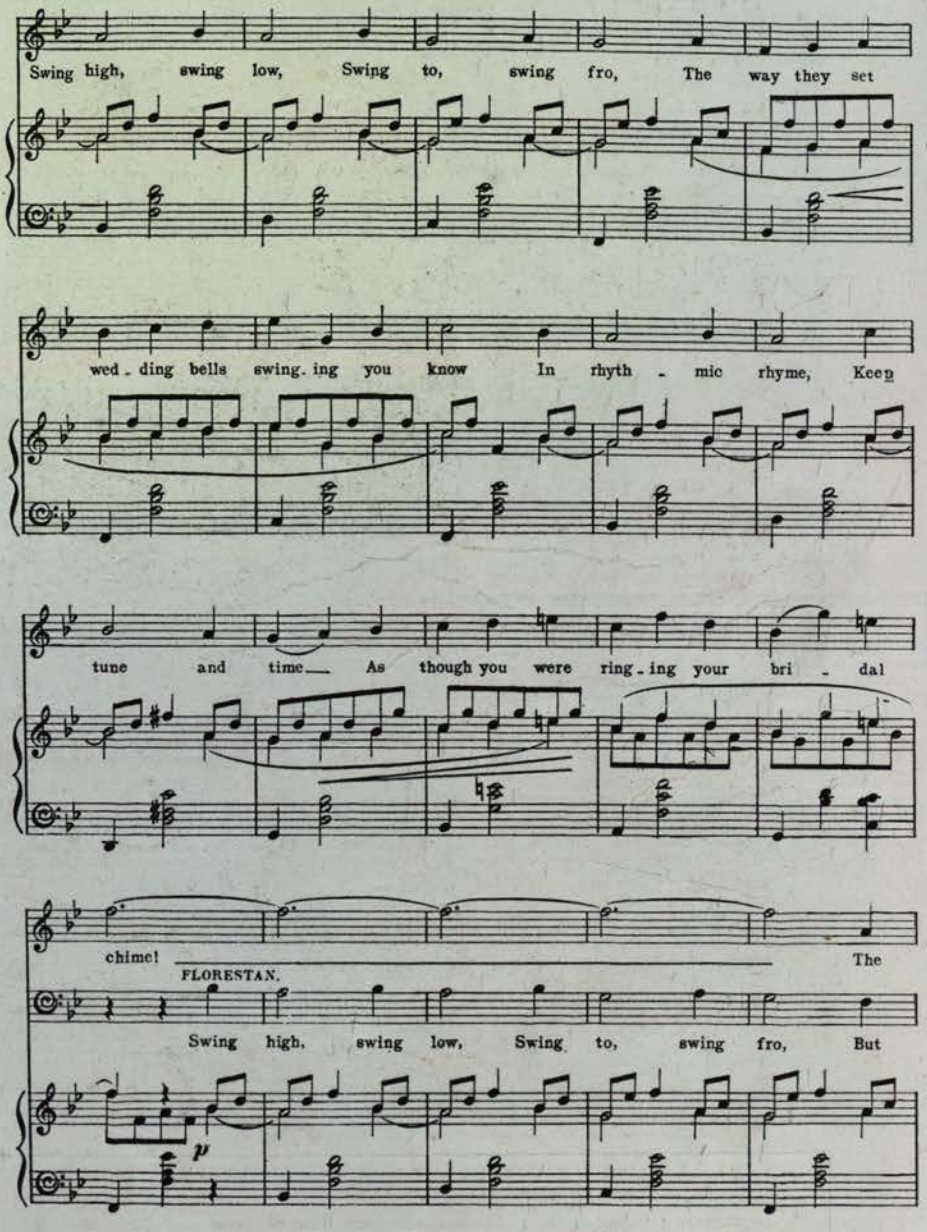
The SWING SONG

HÉLÈNE :
This evening you'll repeat, I know,
The same words to your *fiancée*—
To her you'll whisper soft and low,
The compliments you pay.

FLORESTAN :
She will not be the same as you,
Nor half so charming that I'll swear.
For will she have your eyes of blue?
Your voice that is so sweet to hear?

FLORESTAN:

She'll have naught that can well compare
With all your charm and girlish grace;
The dimpled cheek—the auburn hair
That frames your smiling face.


Swing high, swing low, Swing to, swing fro, The way they set
wed - ding bells swing - ing you know In rhyth - mic rhyme, Keen
tune and time As though you were ring - ing your bri - dal
chime! The
FLORESTAN.
Swing high, swing low, Swing to, swing fro, But
p

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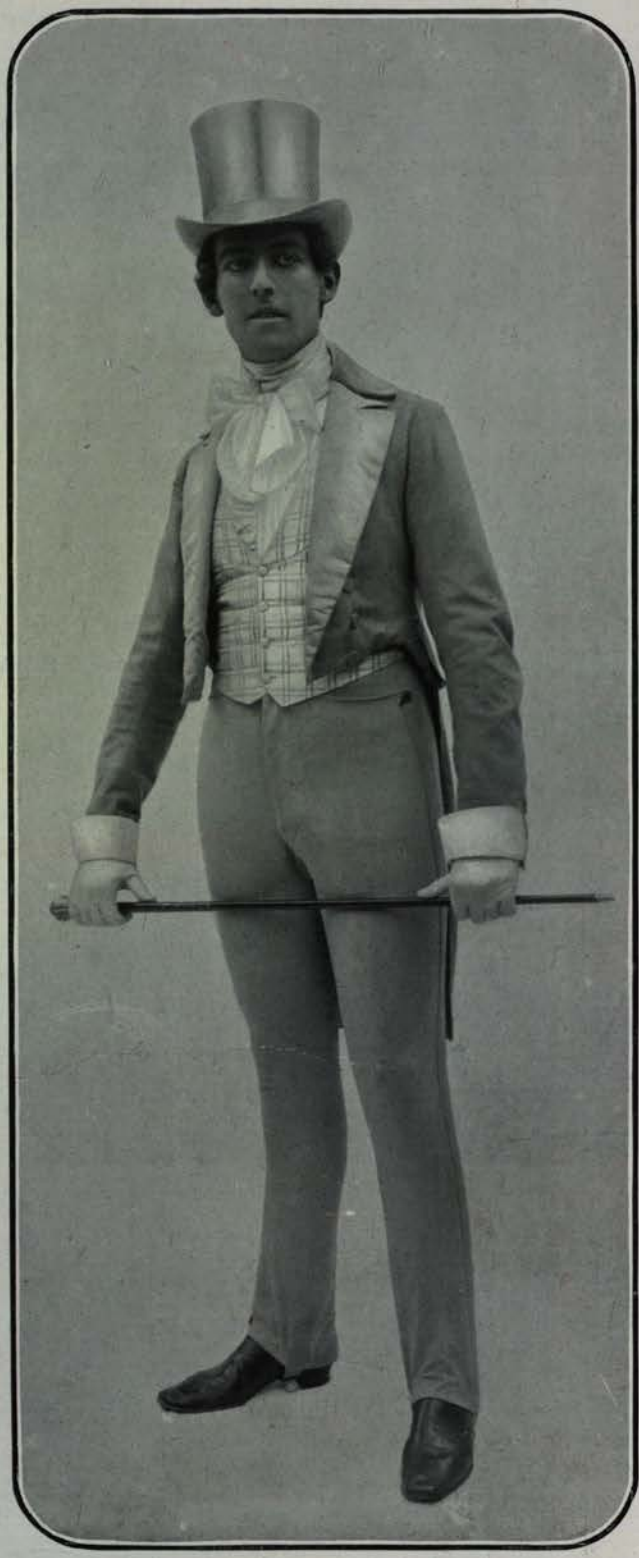
FLORESTAN: "Oh! I vow that now I have met you, Véronique, I shall never forget you."

Hélène de Solanges—MISS RUTH VINCENT:

"Yes, auntie, here I am: no longer Véronique, but Mdlle. Hélène de Solanges"



Florestan de Valiancourt—MR. LAWRENCE REA:

"This is my last day as a bachelor. I invite you all to Romanville; we'll make things hum."

Mons. Coquenard—Mr. GEORGE GRAVES.

"We are going to hobnob with princes, parade with ambassadors, and meet what-nots."

Mdme. Coquenard—Miss KITTY GORDON.

"My husband would run after anything in petticoats."

Mons. Loustot (MR. FRED EMNEY): "You said it was the Garden of Eden."
MADAME COQUENARD: "I said you were the serpent."
LOUSTOT: "Ah: call me Ferdi."

Dressing Room Dialogues.

No. 3. MISS RUTH VINCENT.

THOSE who have seen *Véronique* and rejoiced at the sparkling melodies, the harmonies of sound and colour and beautiful *ensemble*, must have been charmed with the delicate acting and vocalism of Miss Ruth Vincent.

"Here is an artist," one says almost involuntarily, watching her graceful movement and the facile way in which she renders Messager's bewitching music.

Of course everyone knows that Miss Vincent is an old Savoyard. That is obvious in her style and technique.

When I told Miss Vincent I was desirous of getting some particulars of her career for *The Play* she smilingly assented to be cross-examined, but she added "I have nothing really interesting to tell you."

"You went to America to play the principal part in the 'Medal and the Maid'?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How did the play go?"

"It would have gone splendidly, but unfortunately the Chicago fire scare spoiled the season. The stalls and boxes were always well filled, but the people would not go to the upper parts of the house. Yes, I like America and the Americans very much."

"'Véronique' I think simply delightful. The part was originally offered to me while I was playing in America. I had only three rehearsals before the opening night.

"The music is so charming and I had no difficulty in learning it.

"Ambitious? Yes, very!

"I have been studying in Paris for Grand Opera under M. Bonthoy. I think he is the finest singing master in the world.

"I suffer most acutely from stage fright, and though only a momentary feeling, it is none the less trying. When I sing I regain confidence. I am fond of home life and out-door pastimes. Riding is my favourite recreation, and I like gardening at my home in West Hampstead."

L.V.

The End of Act 2.

FLORESTAN:—"I do not care to hear your views—
I'll go to prison if I choose."

LOUSTOT:—"Bear witness all I've done my best,
Viscount, you are under arrest."

LADIES-IN-WAITING:

Hush!
Hush!
She's meditating.
We maids
in waiting
Must not
disturb her,
For she
won't curb
her
Temper
most abrupt,
If we
interrupt.

* * *

Hush!
Hush!
Speak very
low;
Don't bustle
to and fro,
But softly go
Upon tip-
toe!

ERMERANCE *(sighing)*:
Sweet were
the hours of
this bright
afternoon.
Be still
my heart!
'Twas ended
all too soon.
The pleasures
of the past,
Why cannot
they for ever
last?

* * *

"Young
ladies, you
have my per-
mission to
promenade
the ball-
room, but
remember,
deportment
before
everything."

The Garden of Love

SUNG BY MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM

Valse Lente.

Like the bee to the garden of roses
Comes man to the garden of love,
To flit round its daintiest posies,
And hover their petals above.
O garden so sweet and so sunny,
O roses so red and so rare,
He'll gather his fill of your honey,
And hasten to flowers more fair.

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COQUENARD :—"We mus'n't let our friends forget that we are people of position."

COQUENARD :—"Not that I'm thirsty, but it's to complete a bet! Agatha, we will drink."

Oh! strange situation, so full of surprise.

COQUENARD :—"Those two little girls we engaged this morning. What are they here after?"

MDME. COQUENARD :—"Surely you weren't invited, my dear?"

HÉLÈNE :—"We're at home, don't you know! I am Mdlle. Hélène de Solanges."

ERMERANCE :—"And I'm the Countess Champ d'Azur!"

"She has been laughing up her sleeve at you all day."

"The amount for which he was arrested is twenty thousand francs."

"How dare Mademoiselle offer to pay my debts."

HÉLÈNE :—"You are angry with me?"
FLORESTAN :—"I am writing to my uncle telling him the marriage he arranged for us is impossible."

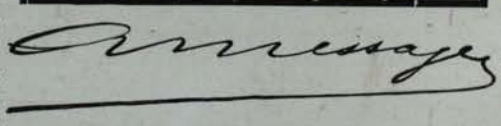
Messager and "Veronique."

I have been asked by my very good friend, the editor of this journal, apropos of the production of "Véronique," to contrast the French "Operette," as exemplified by this piece, with musical comedy, a plant of entirely English growth, a subject I was discussing the other day with Monsieur André Messager.

"The public," said M. Messager, "have no taste. Do not mistake me; by that I do not wish to say that the public do not know a good thing when they see one. But you must first catch your hare before you can cook it. Get your good play, and you may be assured the public will desert all the inferior plays to see it. There are people that will laugh and cry in the same breath, just as they will stand still and watch two women tearing each other's hair in a Soho slum, or collect in a crowd when a child gets run over. I have seen a company promoter with the tears running down his face, to his own intense annoyance, at the most stupid little cup and saucer melodrama, and yet that man would ruin widows and orphans without the slightest compunction."

Tell me with whom you associate, goes the old saw, and I will tell you what kind of man you are; tell me what kind of plays you go to, I would paraphrase it, and I will gauge your capacities. Of course, assuming a country to be swamped with a great number of indifferent plays, the play-goer has but Hobson's choice in the matter, but the fault to my mind lies chiefly with the dramatic critic, whose duty it is to point out where a play fails in truth, and in beauty, where it transgresses the limitations of its art, and to suggest, from his superior knowledge of dramatic masterpieces, from his standpoint of philosophical analysis, where the dramatist might improve and do better. But, "*ay, de mi*," I am talking about the dramatic critics' superior knowledge! Have we really half-a-dozen men in this country who are conversant with the drama, historically and æsthetically? Mind you, I do not ask you to subscribe to my opinions, if you are not convinced. I am not like the King of Darfour, whom Heine mentions as having a herald, preceding him on his walks abroad, and calling out in a stentorian voice, "this is the bull of all the bulls; this is the only true buffalo in existence." I do not pretend to be the only buffalo on the beach.

To come back to our muttons and "Véronique," M. Messager, who is a director of the Opéra Comique in Paris, and of the Covent Garden Opera as well, is a man who, if only by force of the traditions of his surroundings, never writes slovenly music. There is such a thing as



good literature in music just as there are "well-written" plays in the Drama. First and foremost he believes in good honest workmanship, in careful orchestration, with a bright, clean, cohesive story, around which to weave his charming melodies. This is what M. Messager calls "la pièce honnête." His creations are never garish and tawdry; there is a sweet, clean breath of wholesome brightness, of heartfelt gaiety blowing through them, that makes your pulses tingle with old-forgotten memories of the time when we and the world were young, before our illusions fall from us, and we see that "all our swans are geese," "our trees are brambles."

Ruskin once said that the characters in George Eliot's novels reminded him of the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus, and, conversely, the exuberant wealth of André Messager's fancy scatters its rosy petals, a delightful sweeping, to be gathered up and garnered and treasured in the days when we and our memories are all that is left of the snows of yesteryear, and nothing remains but the shadow of a noise that comes to us like the croaking of frogs in a desolate morass; we shall still have with us the spontaneous gaiety, the melodious distinction, begotten of honest work and artistic feeling, that characterises the old French opéra comique and its child the operette. *Castigat ridendo mores*, for they possessed that old French gaiety which is being swamped by the cold-blooded disbelief and ribaldry, the "m'enfoutisme" and "blague à froid" of the cosmopolitan boulevard. It was the old French humour that delighted in taking off the foibles of its times, although discreetly and with distinction, with a "soupçon" of the philandering of Marivaux, and that good-humoured "persiflage," which always had a note of kindness and a point of sadness underlying, as if the pretty-powdered heads of the pink and white Dresden shepherdesses of Watteau, Boucher and Laneret, at whom it was aimed, knew that their light career was soon to be cut short by the relentless knife of the guillotine.

To understand the "Operette," as Messager writes it, one has to understand the idea underlying the old "Opéra Comique," which is so distinctly French in character. The word itself has become a definite term in the French language, although, to speak the truth, it is a misnomer. Indeed, there is nothing comical in the greater number of these works, for most of them only differ from Opera proper by the employment of spoken dialogue, alternating with musical passages of considerable length. But this definition would almost make an Opéra Comique identical with the so-called "Vaudeville" of the 18th century, if we did not qualify it by stating that the musical part of the "Vaudeville"

HÉLÈNE: Have you nothing to say? FLORESTAN: Nothing, mademoiselle, until I know whom I have the honour of addressing—whether it be Mdlle. de Solanges, or Veronique!

consisted almost entirely of well-known melodies, whilst the "Opéra Comique" was accompanied in each case by music specially composed.

This mixed form of entertainment, characterised by the alternation of spoken words and music, is without doubt of French and ancient origin. M. Tierson, in his "History of the Popular Song in France," quotes its appearance in certain popular fables such as in that of "Aucassin et Nicolette." In these fables we may possibly recognise the earliest specimens of its kind, but it is certain that by the end of the 17th century Opéra Comique appears, completely organised in the form of comedies with songs, which were performed at the two celebrated fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent. From this time on, with varying success, Opéra Comique has continued to exist, the chief tendency being the continued extension of the musical part, thereby approaching more closely to grand opera, from which, in modern times, it seems to differ but slightly. The real value of the musical entertainment presented at these fairs was practically nil, the music being of a most inferior kind.

We must guard against confusing this earlier Opéra Comique, so similar to our latterday musical comedies, with the works of Méhul, such as "Joseph" and "Stratonice;" of Cherubini, with "Medée," "Lodoiska," and "Faniska" (after which Beethoven called him the first dramatic composer of his time); of Lesueur, with "La Caverne;" of Berton, with "Montano" and "Stephanie;" of Nicolo, with "La Joconde." All of these works were on a much higher plane than those previously mentioned, and, indeed, were the forerunners of the romantic opera of the Germans, of which the "Freischütz" and "Oberon," by Weber, are the most familiar examples.

That they were classified as "Opéras Comiques," was entirely owing to insignificant circumstances, which placed them now on this side, now on that. We can safely say, that for wealth of ideas, for elaborate instrumentation, and masterly handling of that intense pathos and the lyrical flights of imagination which are characteristic of these works, they are in no wise inferior to the highest forms of dramatic music, being closely allied to the great traditions of elevation and sincerity which have raised French opera to a pinnacle.

The reaction began in 1875 with "Trial by Jury," by Gilbert and Sullivan. A study of the pschology of the Gilbertian plays would be curious. if only to show what it was that took the place of the French influence, especially as that counter influence was entirely and distinctively English. All Gilbert's works sparkle with humour, and wit displayed in delightful and unexpected topsy-turveydom. "Rien n'y est certain que l'imprévu." But the deeper emotions are beyond his control.

It was Sullivan who added the feeling that was lacking in Gilbert. And Sullivan was a true descendant of these old French masters of Opéra Comique. There was that heartfelt gaiety in his music, which we almost instinctively attribute to the green fields and laughing landscapes of sunny France, and with it was wit, was brilliance with a point of sadness, such as captured the hearts of the audiences of Marivaux, as it does the audiences of to-day. And Sullivan's orchestration was a liberal education for the budding musician. It is passing strange that the brilliant series of wit and melodious extravaganzas, which began with the "Sorcerer" in 1877, and were associated with the Savoy Theatre for nearly 15 years, had found no disciple to continue it, no school to cherish or propagate its traditions.

Little by little, the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas (most famous with "Pinafore," "Patience," the "Mikado") undermined the popularity of the French opéras bouffes, and at the same time, that of the indigenous "burlesques," which, graceful enough in the hands of their inventor, J. R. Planché (1796-1880), had become mere incoherent jumbles of buffoonery, devoid alike of dramatic ingenuity and of literary form.

When early in the nineties the collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan became intermittent, and the vogue of the Savoy somewhat declined, a new class of extravaganza arose, under the designation of "Musical Comedy," or "Musical Farce."

And so, *mutatis mutandis*, each art manifestation, good or bad, on the stage as everywhere else, ends by finding its proper level; all we can do, in so far as we are patient observers of the signs of the times, honest to ourselves and our calling, is to stand, like the muezzin on the tower, calling out the hour of day, and that Allah is great. And we want reminding of that, too, in theatrical efforts as in anything else, to enable us to place our efforts upon a proper and proportionate scale to the great sum of all.

CHARLES H. HEYDEMANN.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

MR. SYDNEY ELLISON,
Who produced "Véronique" for Mr. Geo. Edwardes.

MR. PERCY GREENBANK,
Who wrote some of the lyrics for "Véronique."

We regret being unable to include a portrait of Mr. Henry Hamilton, who is responsible for the English version of "Véronique." He has not, he writes us, been photographed for many years.

COQUENARD: : "Ah, Madame la Comtesse, when you fell from the donkey (Oh, the lace!) I said to myself 'That lady is no ordinary lady.' I knew you, and when I got home I went straight to the petty cash ledger and charged myself eightpence for the sight. Madame la Comtesse, might I trouble you for the bee-hive?"

COQUENARD: "It was built for a man with water on the brain. Someone referred to me as a golliwog."

HÉLÈNA: "This afternoon I wouldn't let you kiss me. Will you kiss me now?"

Florestan : You have made me the happiest of men. Hélène is as good as she is beautiful, and I ask nothing more than to share my life with hers.

PROGRAMME.

Wyndham's Theatre.

Proprietor - - - - - - - SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Sole Lessee and Manager - - - - Mr. FRANK CURZON.

PRODUCED BY MR. FRANK CURZON ON JUNE 16TH, 1904.

THE FINISHING SCHOOL.

A ROMANCE, IN FOUR ACTS, BY
MAX PEMBERTON.

Sir John Vane		Mr. J. H. BARNES
Murray Vane		Mr. BEN WEBSTER
David Pugh		Mr. FRANK COOPER
Gilbert Rodd		Mr. GEO. E. BELLAMY
Harry Vernon		Mr SYDNEY BLOW
Reuben Laing		Mr. J. H. BREWER (By permission of Messrs Harrison & Maude)
Capt. Hardy		Mr. HUGH ARDALE
Lieut. Greeenwood		Mr. CHAS. FRANCIS
Lieut. Debray		Mr. NORMAN THARP
Colliers		Mr. ATHELING FARRAR
Simon Bradbury		Mr. LEWIS FIELDER
A Sailor		Mr. GEO. TROLLOPE
A Soldier		Mr. MONTAGUE ELPHINSTONE
Jack Hodgetts		Mr. SYDNEY HAMILTON
William Brooks		Mr. RICHMOND WEBB
Lady Rose		Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS
Jeanette		Mrs. E. H. BROOKE
Lucy		Miss DOROTHY CHESTER
Lady Phœbe		Miss IDA RICHARDSON
Fanny		Miss MARY HAMILTON
Prudence		Miss ETHEL BURNAND
Stella		Miss EVELYN COTTEE
Penèlope		Miss ALYS READ
Fenella		Miss GLADYS GARDINER
Angela		Miss ELEANOR MAY
Patience		Miss GERTRUDE HENRIQUES
Hetty		Miss FAUNTLE ROMNEY
Margery	(a Child)	Miss NORA SULLIVAN
Sarah		Miss RHODA GORDON
Miss Charlotte Sanders Miss Mary Sanders	Schoolmistresses	Miss INA GOLDSMITH Miss MARGARET MURRAY
	AND	
Dorothy Melville		Miss ANNIE HUGHES

ACT I. .. .. *Parlour of "The King's Head," Gretna Green*
ACTS II. and IV. .. .. *A Finishing School in Yorkshire*
ACT III. .. .. *Murray Vane's Quarters in York Barracks*

Between Acts I. and II. a year elapses.—The remainder of the action of the play takes place during the same day.

Stage Manager	Mr. E. F. SAXON
Musical Director	Mr. ERNEST BUCALOSSI
Business Manager	Mr. J. W. LETHBRIDGE

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 3. "THE FINISHING SCHOOL." Vol. I.

THE LOVERS.

The Story of the Play.

"YOU'LL commit no violence in the presence of the Book, sir."

"And who the devil are you, sir?"

The first speaker is an interesting little man of large importance. He lives in an atmosphere of romance, having been associated with more runaway matches than any other man in the kingdom. In short he is the famous blacksmith of Gretna Green.

The second speaker is Sir John Vane, a quick-tempered but withal good-natured and fine old end-of-the-last-century English gentleman

Sir John has staggered into the parlour of the picturesque "King's Head" Inn, "in time, by Heaven!" to prevent his son, Murray, from marrying his ward, the beautiful Dorothy Melville; and before you can say "Jack Robinson," the excited old gentleman has decreed that the lovers must be parted for a year. The girl will spend the time at a Finishing School, and when it expires, he, Sir John, will reconsider the match and give his decision.

"Parted for a year," cries Dorothy, "I won't go to school! I won't give him up!! I won't!!" "Neither will I rejoin my regiment, sir!" adds Murray. "Then go to the devil, sir!" roars the stern parent.

Whether he goes or not, must be left to conjecture, but Dorothy is certainly packed off to a Yorkshire Finishing School, and there we find her, twelve months later, behaving, in spite of her nineteen years, like a very naughty little girl.

Not so, however, when her friend, David Pugh, calls at the school to inform her that her lover is starting next day for the wars, and that a ball is to be given this night at the barracks.

In a moment Dorothy becomes a woman. "A ball at the barracks! Murray will be there! Oh, take me, David!" A prayer which David nicely but firmly refuses to grant.

But it happens that David is accompanied by a young friend—a Frenchman—who, being anxious to help Dorothy, hits on the brilliant, if worn idea of lending her a suit of his clothes.

Dorothy instantly accepts the offer, and having tearfully reminded David that the man she loves is going away, perhaps for ever, she gets it all her own way (as is the custom with women) and goes to the ball disguised in man's costume.

* * * * *

Needless to say, Dorothy cuts a very dainty figure. David introduces her as a gentleman from France who has fought more duels than he has teeth in his head. She indulges in a flirtation and is challenged to fight by an infuriated rival. She is forced to drink port wine with her unsuspecting guardian, and presently she manages to see her lover, to whom she discloses her identity. But, anon, she gets a big fright when one of her school shoe buckles is picked up and recognised in the barracks. The next moment she is missing, and the next moment a servant rushes in and astonishes the assembled guests with "Captain Murray—your horse, sir. I was holding him, sir,—when a little man knocked me in the face, sir—and ran away with him like blazes."

In the wee small hours of the morning Dorothy, more dead than alive, gets back to the school and loses no time in getting into her own comfortable school clothes. Her guardian, suspecting she is not in the school, reaches it out of breath and almost as soon as Dorothy. Then and there he learns from her own lips who the scoundrel was who lent the breeches. But Sir John knows how to appreciate a really capital joke, and so, good-naturedly, he relents.

"Here, take her, my boy, she's too much for me."

And Murray, who has just entered, after hurrying to the school for news of his sweetheart, folds her in his arms.

FRED DANGERFIELD.

Dorothy Melville—MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

Mr. ELPHINSTONE	"He can play the fiddle like a dancing master."	Mr. TROLLOPE

JEANETTE (**Mrs. E. H. BROOKE**)—"You'll have the best bedroom in the hoose; the one Lord Erskine and his bonnie bride slept in for three whole nights."

LUCY (**Miss DOROTHY CHESTER**)—"I was wondering if some poor lassie would be made wretched or miserable this day."

Not another drop until your story's told.

You may depend upon me, sir!

Is this the King's Head Inn?

LADY ROSE: "My feelings are not under discussion."

DAVID:—Twelve hours in the saddle, and another man may marry the woman you love. David, you'll remember this day to your life's end."

SIR JOHN: "Stop! In time, by Heaven!!"

DOROTHY: "Oh, Murray, what a funny little man. Can he really do it?"

REUBEN LAING: "Your names, please!"

"The ring, the ring! quickly!"

REUBEN LAING: "You'll commit no violence in the presence of the Book, sir!"

Lady Rose—**MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.**

SIR JOHN: None but a fool knows when his mind is made up.
DOROTHY: But, guardy, you said *your* mind was made up.

Murray Vane—
MR. BEN WEBSTER.

SIR JOHN: "You left home because you were an ungrateful rascal, sir!"

SIR JOHN. "And remembering, David Pugh, what then?"

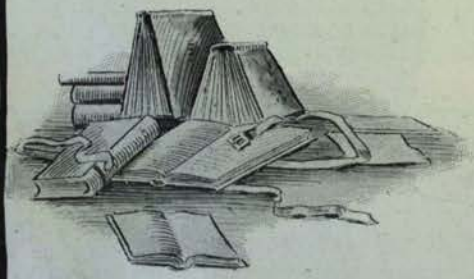
DAVID: "That as your happiness was lost in this very room, so may theirs be won."

LADY ROSE: "You would be wise to listen to your guardian, Dorothy."
DOROTHY: "You mean I should be wise to postpone my marriage because you love Murray."

DOROTHY: "No, he does not refuse—he accepts—and I accept with him. Take me, Guardian! Send me to school! Send me to be finished!"

REUBEN LAING—
Mr. J. H. BREWER.

PENELOPE ~
MISS ALYS READ.



DOROTHY: IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH IMAGINATION IN THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

MR RODD ~
MR GEO. E BELLAMY

MR RODD: OUR BEST CURTSEY IF YOU PLEASE. YOU WILL IMAGINE ME TO BE LORD MARTIN.

MR. RODD: We come now to the difficult art of getting in or out of the coach. I have known great hearts blighted in getting in or out of the coach.

DOROTHY: I saw her ankles. SCHOOLMISTRESS: You will write out 'I saw her ankles' two hundred times.

DOROTHY "I *do* love him. I don't care a bit for you and your deportment."

The Art of Annie Hughes.

WHO that has seen Annie Hughes—and who hasn't—can forget that purring seductive voice with its subtle inflections? The voice of sweet and unsophisticated seventeen who comes from the country. When one listens to Miss Hughes appealing in that plaintive and wholly irresistible way of hers to a hard-hearted father, whose son has shown his good taste by falling in love with her, one feels instinctively that the man—I mean, of course, the stern father—is doomed. He may storm and rave and tear his passion to tatters, but still the even voice goes on until gradually he is hypnotised into a state of complete helplessness and utter subjection, and then Miss Hughes' laugh rings out, Puck-like, derisive and triumphant. The end was always inevitable. It is not in human nature to fight against such terrible odds. The syrens who called to Ulysses croaked, compared to the potent spell she weaves.

Just as the Greek dramatists were overweighted with an overwhelming sense of the inscrutable workings of an inexorable fate, so the modern play-makers are held fast by the awful powers of the young person—when she is young and innocent and charming. It is one of the paradoxes of life that the attributes which are popularly associated with the early-Victorian type—the naive utterances, the child-like wonder and apparent simplicity of character, more often than not mask a deep understanding of the things not taught at young ladies' schools. All this adds to the enigmatic aspect which women present to the other sex, despite the masculine affectation to the contrary. The woman who possesses these gifts, which I feel sure are a direct legacy from Eve, is armed against all the counter-attractions of her own sex. Miss Hughes capably demonstrated this in "The Country Mouse," when she was pitted against the blasé worldliness of her rivals, and in "The Finishing School" when a few soft words and piquant little moues serve to quell the fury of an enraged guardian and causes friend David to cast aside his ponderous solemnity and damn everybody in the most delightful manner.

* * * * * * *

Miss Hughes is an actress by instinct. She never seems more natural than when on the stage, and this I think is the best test of her powers. She gets her effects without any apparent effort, the mechanism being so perfect that one never dreams of its existence. It is the old Latin tag exemplified, *artis est celare artem.*

LOUIS VINCENT.

"Life has much to offer you if you choose to take it."

Lady Rose and Murray Vane.

MR. RODD: "We are now entering a drawing-room. Our best courtsey, please."

MISS SAUNDERS (Miss Ina Goldsmith): "It were perhaps better if, while the others are at supper, you ask Heaven for a better and more dutiful spirit."

DOROTHY: "When the sisters put out the lights I'll come over to your bedroom, and we'll have a good cry."

MAURICE (Mr. Sidney Blow): "Mademoiselle, do you wish to go to this ball? I have an idea, I think I can help you."

- - Dorothy Appeals. - -

DOROTHY: "You won't take me. Then I go without your help. Nothing shall stop me. If they lock me in, I'll throw myself out of the window. David, the man I love is going to the war to fight—perhaps to be killed."

- - David Consents. - -

DOROTHY: "If you had ever loved, you'd know what it is to realise that one who is all the world to you is going away—perhaps for ever. Take me! Take me!"

DAVID: "Go, you shall; and be d——d to them!

COLLIERS: "Now seriously, do I go well with geraniums?"

DOROTHY: "Mademoiselle, we do not count ze rungs of ze laddaire which leads up to ze paradise."

LADY ROSE—MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

Dorothy at the Barracks.

LIEUT. DEBRAY: "This lady, sir, is my partner in the dance."

LIEUT. DEBRAY: "Perhaps Mr. Vernon will renew our conversation after the dance."

Dorothy replies to the Challenge.

LIEUT. DEBRAY—
Mr. Norman Tharp.

SIR JOHN: GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR. I FLATTER MYSELF I KNOW A MAN WHEN I SEE ONE, OR A WOMAN EITHER FOR THAT MATTER.

LOOK AT ME, MURRAY, IT IS I – DOROTHY.

THE MAN WHO DRINKS MORE THAN I DO IS A DRUNKARD.

DOROTHY: ZE TOAST, WHOEVER SHE MAY BE! OH! OH! I'M ON FIRE!!

TO ME IT IS THE SWEETEST NAME IN ALL THE WORLD – DOROTHY.

SIR JOHN: WHAT, LEFT HER IN PARIS – THE WOMAN YOU LOVE! IT'S CLARET, SIR!

Dorothy Melville (MISS ANNIE HUGHES) :—"I was never afraid of any man yet."

DOROTHY: "Whoever she is! Wherever she is!!"

SIR JOHN: "I'll drink it you, dog!"

LADY ROSE: "Look, Sir John, Dorothy has left the school to see Murray. She's here now!"

SIR JOHN: "I'll never believe it!"

DOROTHY. "At the Barracks we cracked a bottle together! And then I rode the horse; and then I lost it—or rather, it left me, and now they are all after me. Oh! my head!!"

This is all I can find in Miss Dorothy's bed.

SIR JOHN: "I have reason to believe that my niece, Miss Melville, is not under your roof."

"It's a man, and we're not properly dressed!"

SIR JOHN: "And the breeches! Who was the scoundrel who lent them to you!"

PROGRAMME.

Prince of Wales Theatre.

Sole Proprietors, the Executors of the late Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

Lessee and Manager - - - Mr. FRANK CURZON.

PRODUCED (AT THE STRAND THEATRE), JUNE 14TH, 1904.

SERGEANT BRUE

(of the "C" Division).

A MUSICAL FARCE BY OWEN HALL.

Music by Madame Liza Lehmann. *Lyrics by J. Hickory Wood.*

Sergeant Brue	(of the C Division)	Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN
Michael Brue	(his Son)	Mr. FARREN SOUTAR
Aurora Brue	(his Daughter)	Miss OLIVE MORRELL
Daisy	(Servant)	Miss RUTH SAVILE
Mabel Widgett		Miss ZENA DARE
Vivienne Russell		Miss NELLIE SEYMOUR
Louisa Clair		Miss KITTY ASHMEAD
'Arriet		Miss VALÉRIE DE LACY
Sir Fergus Treherne	(of the Home Office)	Mr. FREDERICK LEWIS
Gerald Treherne	(his Son)	Mr. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH
Matthew Habishom	(a Solicitor)	Mr. EDWARD KIPLING
Inspector Gorringe	(of the C Division)	Mr. S. BROOKE
Mr Lambe		Mr. P LESLIE
Erskine Murray		Mr. JACK THOMPSON
Captain Bay		Mr. LENNOX LOCHNER
Mr. Crank	(Magistrate at Crawlborough Street)	Mr. ARTHUR LACEBY
Crookie Scrubb	(a Criminal)	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS
Lady Bickenhall		Miss MILLIE LEGARDE

Other Characters by Mesdames Nina Wood, Anthony, Lily Mills, Violet Lorraine, Zilla Gray, Monica Sayer, etc.

Messrs. G. Franklin, H. Warren, W. P. Leslie, E. Shale, Percy Rogers, R. De Veuille, etc.

ACT I. .. .. *Michael Brue's Hairdressing Saloons*

(Three months elapse)

ACT II. .. .. *The Green Park Hotel*

ACT III. SCENE 1. .. .. *Crawlborough Street Police Court*

SCENE 2. .. .. *75, Berkeley Square*

The Scenery by JULIAN HICKS.

There will be 15 minutes interval between the First and Second Acts, and 5 minutes between the Second and Third Acts.

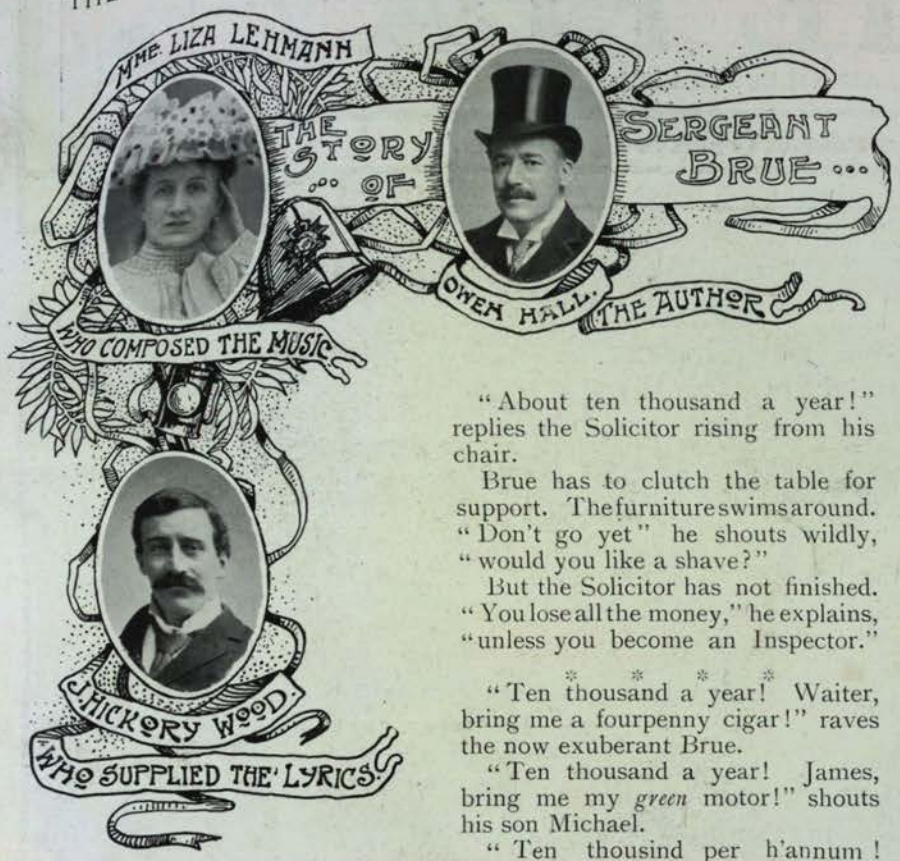
Musical Director	Mr. ERNEST VOUSDEN
Stage Manager	Mr. CLARENCE HUNT
Business Manager	Mr. SEYMOUR HODGES

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 4. "SERGEANT BRUE." Vol. I.

SERGEANT BRUE: "I first met you when I was on duty outside Rabbits, the boot shop, and then I met you again in Piccadilly when I turned all the traffic into Berkeley Square to let you pass. I *think* you noticed me!"



I only became a Sergeant by accident. I saw a man stop a runaway horse and they promoted me."

Sergeant Brue, the very latest member of the force to take to the stage, is a policeman of no more than average intelligence. We become acquainted with him whilst he makes the above and other whimsical remarks at the family tea-table in the parlour of his son Michael's hairdressing and shaving shop. He has left his beat earlier than usual in order to celebrate his birthday. Tea over, the man of feet removes his big boots and padded chest, fills his pipe, and loses himself in visions of a widow, a certain Lady Bickenhall, an unattainable Goddess, miles beyond the reach of a common or Piccadilly policeman, and on whom he has cast the most amorous of glances every time she has crossed his path. How he curses the fate that puts such an insuperable gulf between them. But his despair is destined to vanish by a coincidence that in real life would be almost supernatural, but which is pardonable, of course, in musical farce. A Solicitor arrives with the news that Brue is heir to a huge fortune left him by a once poor brother, who years before went to Australia.

"What's it come out at?" gasps the almost speechless policeman.

"About ten thousand a year!" replies the Solicitor rising from his chair.

Brue has to clutch the table for support. The furniture swims around. "Don't go yet" he shouts wildly, "would you like a shave?"

But the Solicitor has not finished. "You lose all the money," he explains, "unless you become an Inspector."

* * * *

"Ten thousand a year! Waiter, bring me a fourpenny cigar!" raves the now exuberant Brue.

"Ten thousand a year! James, bring me my *green* motor!" shouts his son Michael.

"Ten thousind per h'annum! D'yer! a pint two 'an a kipper!" yells Crookie Scrubbs with his mouth full of bread and cheese.

"I wonder if they'll let me have a cab on my beat!" soliloquises Brue.

I must tell you that the "Crookie" referred to is a notorious Jail-bird who was just previously caught in the act of lifting the till, but as Brue knows him he is not only forgiven but actually fed.

Brue has a heart as big as his feet, but, incidentally his strong line is "Traffic." Gentlemen like Crookie do not appeal to him much, if at all, for as he will tell you the police don't want to run into unnecessary danger.

"If you want to be an Inspector, you stand on me, guvnor!" says the grateful Crookie who straightway becomes responsible for most of Brue's dilemmas.

* * * *

The first splash that the enriched Sergeant makes, after smashing up the barber's shop and inviting the assistants to get intoxicated on bay rhum, is to ripen his acquaintance with Lady Bickenhall, and through her hold a reception at the Green Park Hotel.

"My party! She's giving it!" moans the disconsolate Brue what time he wanders on his beat past the Hotel where his wealthy guests are carousing."

Needless to say poor Brue does not arrive at the summit of his Scotland Yard desires without a series of mishaps, not to say a bucketful of trouble. Crookie, for example, in trying to assist him to an important capture of burglars merely secures the arrest and appearance at the Police Court of the unfortunate Brue himself.

* * * *

Towards the end of the third act, however, things begin to shape in Brue's favour. The artful and mercenary Lady Bickenhall, knowing full well that when (if ever) Brue is made an Inspector, her chance will arrive to share his fortune, contrives that a gambling raid shall take place in Brue's establishment in Berkeley Square. The result is that the Sergeant makes a raid on his own house, where he finds, amongst the players around the gaming table, the very magistrate before whom he had appeared on the charge of burglary.

This is good enough for Brue. An inspectorship is at length within his grasp and he is at liberty to take full advantage of his late brother's eccentric generosity, for as Lady Bickenhall significantly remarks, "Mr. Crank would like to show in another manner how much he appreciates your efforts."

"Love, and ten thousand a year, is better than a broken heart and the vegetable business," murmurs the happy Brue.

FRED DANGERFIELD.

Sergeant Brue (MR. WILLIE EDOUIN): "Why shouldn't a middle-aged policeman have a loving heart beating beneath his dark blue tunic?"

Michael Brue—

MR. FARREN SOUTAR.

"I'm just a young man in a shop,
A Snipper I'm called by the boys,
For clipping and waving,
Shampooing and shaving,
At present's the sum of my joys."

MICHAEL: "Can I tempt you to one of these, or do you want one of our three guinea transformations?"

MICHAEL: "It's hair like this that makes one satisfied to be a barber."

LADY BICKENHALL: "You know, girls, I'm poor, though I am extravagant, and I have to be rather busy."

Gerald, Treherne (MR. SIDNEY BARRACLOUGH):

"You're very cheap at two guineas a week. Do you know, nurse, I began to fall in love the day I fell off the motor."—

"SERGEANT BRUE."

SERGT. BRUE:

No family! No tea! Why, Daisy, haven't you got me a birthday cake?

* * * *

DAISY: Bless 'is 'eart! I do so love the cloth. You feel a sort of safe with blue. It won't run. Give me your noble chest. Let me air it for you.

CROOKIE SCRUBBS
(MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS):
"I wish all perlicemen wos like 'im."

DAISY
(MISS RUTH SAVILE):
"Bless 'is 'an'some feet!
Oh! I should
like to shave him!"

"Everyone's
wicked
when
'e's 'ungry."

"SERGEANT BRUE."

The Solicitor
(MR. EDWARD KIPLING):

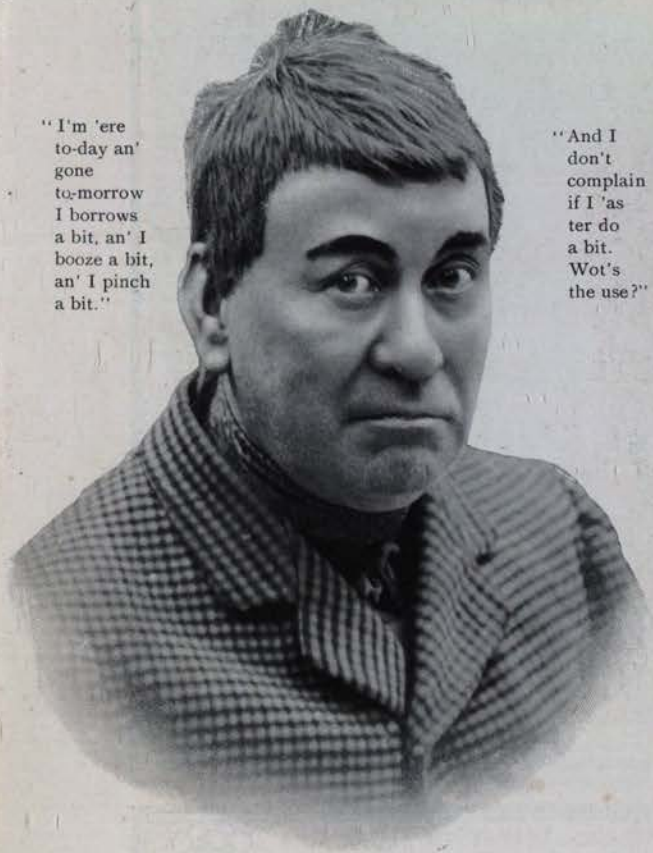
"I've brought you tidings
of the late Mr. Benjamin Brue.
Your income will in future
be about ten thousand a year,
but—you will lose all the money
unless you become an Inspector."

CROOKIE: "I wanted to buy a bottle of goldin dye for me whiskers."

Crookie Scrubbs—MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

"I'm 'ere to-day an' gone to-morrow I borrows a bit, an' I booze a bit, an' I pinch a bit."

"And I don't complain if I 'as ter do a bit. Wot's the use?"



LADY BICKENHALL: "A criminal! How interesting. Do let me look at you."
CROOKIE SCRUBBS: "I aint at Madame Tussaud's yet!"

SERGEANT BRUE: "Ten thousand a year! Smash up the shop! Smash up everything! I'm going to be an inspector. Daisy, my chest!"

Dressing-Room Dialogues.

No. 4.

Miss MILLIE LEGARDE.

TO say that Miss Millie Legarde is a charming woman and an accomplished artiste is merely to emphasise the obvious. On the stage she gives one a sense of repose, her methods are so easy and graceful—I was almost writing cultured and ladylike, only both are such peculiarly revolting cant terms. Her perfect enunciation misleads critics into the belief that she received her early training at the Savoy.

I have often wondered why the cultivation of a well-modulated speaking voice is so sadly neglected on the stage. Few of our best-known actors and actresses are free from vocal eccentricities. Miss Legarde is one of the exceptions.

If the dialogue of the play is piffle and the action slow, one may shut one's eyes and be more than compensated by hearing Miss Legarde speak. Fortunately in "Sergeant Brue" Miss Legarde has a part after her own heart—that of a smart society woman—by the way, why are the people who constitute what is vaguely termed society invariably called "smart?" — of debonair manners and taking ways.

"Now, what can I tell you?" said Miss Legarde with the expression of one wrestling with a "Daily Wail" breakfast problem. I thought hard, in fact we both thought hard for one tense awful minute. "Ha!" I exclaimed with the air of a Surrey villain, "I have it." "Have you really?" Miss Legarde asked, sympathetically adding "poor fellow." "Yes," I went on, "I think it would be interesting if you gave me your unbiassed opinion on (*a*) Mr. Chamberlain's preferential policy, (*b*) Mr. Tree's school of acting, (*c*) Mr. Stead's campaign."

* * * *

When Miss Legarde regained consciousness she looked at me ruefully. I apologised most humbly and we resumed our conversation.

"I made my début in my native town of Birmingham—yes, all the really great people come from Birmingham—at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. It was in "East Lynne," and I played the part of Willie Carlyle, the good little boy with the golden curls and the little Lord Fauntleroy suit, who dies to slow music and the vulgar persiflage of the gods.

"I was only eight then, and after my school days I migrated to the Cape, where I appeared in comic opera. This was followed by some useful pantomine experience, and latterly I came under the management of Mr. Geo. Edwardes. I think my biggest success was as Pekoe in the Grand Theatre, Fulham, pantomine of "Aladdin." I received offers from almost every manager in London and the provinces. I accepted an offer from Mr. Arthur Roberts, but, as Rudyard sagely remark, 'that's another story.'"

"Isn't it something of a coincidence," I suggested, "that you should follow Miss Ethel Irving in 'The Girl from Kay's' and now in 'Sergeant Brue?'" "Yes, isn't it curious?" "And now, what about your startling experiences?" "Well, there's a man who has been coming to the theatre every night who terrifies me. He usually sits in the gallery and always applauds my songs at the wrong moment. He stands at the stage door after the performance, and as I drive off utters protestations of undying affection, always ending with the reminder that he will write to me on the following day. Regularly each day he sends a telegram something to this effect: 'Sorry not able to write.—Will.' Of course he is quite insane, but, I am told, harmless. It is nevertheless most embarassing. I am very fond of motoring and tennis. The Mercedes and the Panhard are my favourite cars."

When I said good night to Miss Legarde I got round to the front in time to hear her new "Musical Comedy" number. Nothing could be more delightful. It is a character song in which Miss Legarde effectively and good-naturedly burlesques, with the aid of green limes and some exquisitely funny gestures, the pert *ingénue* and the heavy lady with the sonorous voice.

Miss Legarde has done nothing better.

LOUIS VINCENT.

Lady Bickenhall—MISS MILLIE LEGARDE.

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MABEL: "Ah! that day when first we met, in a lift!"
MICHAEL: "I see it yet, in each other's arms we fell."
MABEL: "I remember it quite well."

MICHAEL: "Then what joy! Some ladies fat,
Came, and so we closer sat.
Those dear ladies much I owed
For the squeeze I—(*Porter*) "Tottenham Court Road!"

Last verse.
(MABEL.)
6. Then you asked a ques . tion sweet,
(MICHAEL.)
Too fa . mil . iar to re . peat.
(MABEL.)
Quick . ly I would
(MICHAEL.)
not de cide, At Post Of . fice you re . plied
(MABEL.)
And you kissed me then and there, Peo . ple laughed—we
(BOTH.)
did . n't care, So the Tube I have to thank
For your lov . ing heart and
(PORTER.) "Bank."
L.H.
colla voce.
(Clash.)
attacca subito.
stretto.

MICHAEL : " Then a man hung on a strap,"
MABEL: " On my toes—fell in my lap ! "
MICHAEL : "Passed Museum — train got stuck. Lights went out, ah ! that *was* luck!"
MICHAEL : "I said 'Go to—' "
MABEL : "Oh! for shame! That's a station we don't name."
MICHAEL : " So the tube I have to thank, for your loving heart and (*porter*) 'Bank ! ' "

Dressing-Room Dialogues.

No. 5. MISS ZENA DARE.

MISS Zena Dare ought to be grateful for all the gifts the gods have dowered her with. She is still in her teens. She is as pretty as— but I cannot find any word half expressive enough. Her charms refuse to be catalogued; nobody but a poet could do justice to them.

She carries the freshness of the wild rose and the mountain daisy to the footlights and in these decadent days that is something to be sincerely thankful for. That she is clever goes without saying.

She sings sweetly, dances gracefully, acts with intelligence and never fails to impress you with her individuality and style.

It is quite distinctive and quite original with just a *soupçon* of Ada Reeve about it. Mr. Seymour Hicks is the only man who can do justice to her walk, which is something between the glide of a swan and the *pirouetting* of a *première danseuse*.

When I reached her dressing room I stood outside like a peri at the gates of Paradise. Miss Dare was half hidden among the floral tributes of her admirers. She bade me a cheery welcome, excused herself till she had written half a dozen emphatic No's! to as many invitations to supper and then settled comfortably down to talk.

"My first appearance, (all well regulated interviews begin with 'my first appearance,') was at the Coronet theatre in pantomine. I was just twelve then. After that, I went to school. Then a Manchester pantomine and after that, school again. Pantomine again in Edinburgh."

Mr. Seymour Hicks now appears on the scene and although Miss Dare had done little of any importance, her pantomine experience being confined to little dancing parts, Mr. Hicks who, as they say in "Sergeant Brue," is a good judge of these things, saw her possibilities at a glance and engaged her to play the name part in "The English Daisy." Nothing could have been more apropos. Miss Dare embodied all the sweetness and grace of the daisy. After this she went to the Glasgow pantomine, appropriately enough as "Beauty," and from there once more to school, this time to Brussels to learn French, and, strangely enough, she learned it. Then followed an engagement as principal girl in "Cinderella" at Liverpool, where she took the town by storm with her singing of "Pansy Faces" and then "Sergeant Brue," where she has confirmed all the good things prophesied of her. As a fitting finale to what I may term the first stage of her professional career, she goes to the Vandeville to play Miss Ellaline Terriss' part during that charming lady's temporary absence. From thence she will go (where all good actresses pray to be sent) to Mr. Geo. Edwardes. It is a magnificent record for one so young, but honestly earned and well deserved.

Miss Dare has worked hard, so hard that when I asked her about recreation she laughingly answered, "Being photographed and signing picture post cards." I told her she shared the latter hobby with Mr. Dan Leno, but she smilingly disclaimed any affinity on that account. "I swim too and I should like to play golf if I only had the time. However I am looking forward to a holiday in some quiet seaside place where I can go to bed at 6 p.m."

L. V.

Mabel Widgett—MISS ZENA DARE.

MISS NELLIE SEYMOUR.

MISS KITTY ASHMEAD.

"Daughters of Eve! Daughters of Eve!
Like their fair ancestor, London or Manchester,
Girls go out strolling without papa's leave,
So did Eve! So did Eve!"

MISS LILY MILLS.

MISS ANTHONY.

MISS MONICA SAYER.

"Why don't you marry the girl."

BRUE: "Can you imagine me to be a gentleman? My heart began a-thumping and a-bumping the first time I met you outside Rabbits, the bootshop."

Sung by Miss Olive Morrell.

BILL SAYS TO LU, "THINK HOW HAPPY WE'D BE
DOWN BY THE CONGO,
WE'D LIVE ON LOVE 'NEATH A BAMBOO TREE"
LU-LU REPLIES, "NOT ME!"
"BAMBOOS MAY SHADE A ZULU
'WAY OUT IN AFRICA
BUT NO COON CAN WIN MISS LULU
UNLESS HE'S UNDER A PANAMA"

The names of the gentlemen from left to right are: L. Lochner, Ryder Glyn, Mr. Salmon, J. Thompson, R. Deveulle and P. Rogers.

Aurora Brue—MISS OLIVE MORRELL.

109539

LADY BICKENHALL: "You're an awful scoundrel, aren't you?"
CROOKIE: "I've been told so by some of the best judges."

MR. R. LECHNER MR. P. LESLIE
"We're well out of this; it's a rotten job."

BRUE: "Ten thousand a year, and I've got to arrest that! But I'll be a gentleman to-night if I have to lock myself up for being drunk and disorderly."

CROOKIE: "When I read in the papers 'perlice intelligence' I know I'm reading fairy tales. They ain't got no intelligence."

"SERGEANT BRUE."

MICHAEL: "How are you going on, dad?"
SERGEANT BRUE: "My boy, these boots are terrible—I wear nines and these are only sixes!"

"HEY HO!"

Sung by Lady Bickenhall

(MISS MILLIE LEGARDE).

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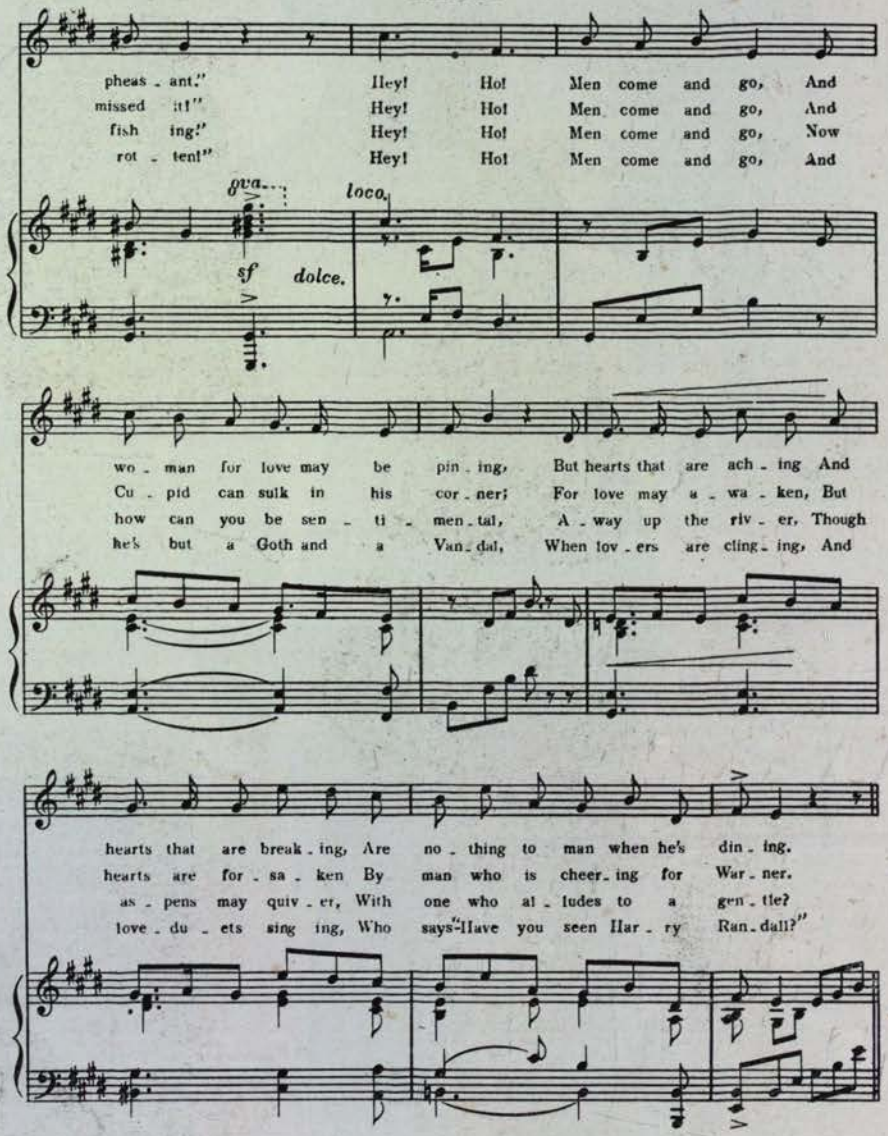
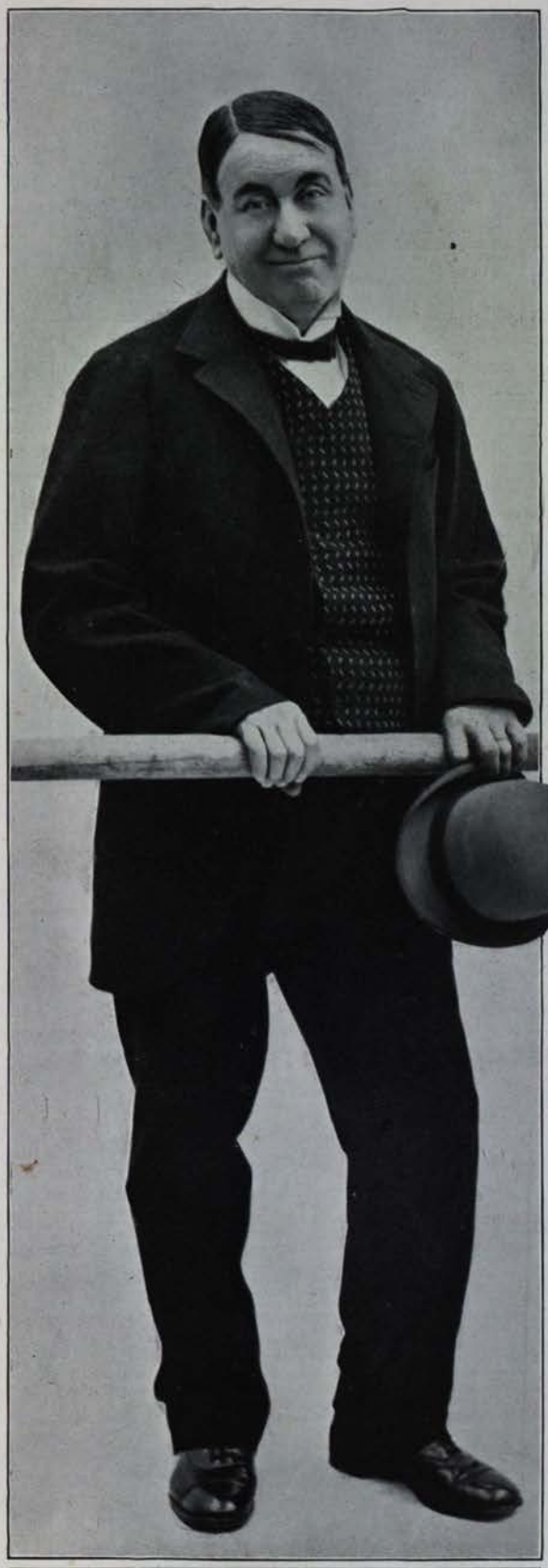
"'Tis said that man's heart
is a very weak spot,
When touched by the arrow
of cupid;
But some men seem quite
unaware when they're shot,
They are so excessively stupid."

CHORUS.


pheas - ant."
missed it!"
fish ing!"
rot - ten!"
Hey! Ho! Men come and go, And
Hey! Ho! Men come and go, And
Hey! Ho! Men come and go, Now
Hey! Ho! Men come and go, And
8va.
loco.
sf
dolce.
wo - man for love may be pin - ing, But hearts that are ach - ing And
Cu - pid can sulk in his cor - ner; For love may a - wa - ken, But
how can you be sen - ti - men - tal, A - way up the riv - er, Though
he's but a Goth and a Van - dal, When lov - ers are cling - ing, And
hearts that are break - ing, Are no - thing to man when he's din - ing.
hearts are for - sa - ken By man who is cheer - ing for War - ner.
as - pens may quiv - er, With one who al - ludes to a gen - tle?
love - du - ets sing ing, Who says "Have you seen Har - ry Ran - dall?"

"When dining with Charlie, I gave him his cue
To say something pretty and pleasant;
I spoke of a heart that was tender and true—
And he said 'This is deuced tough pheasant.'"

At the Crawlborough Street Police Court.



Crookie Scrubbs gives evidence.
MAGISTRATE: "What are you?"
CROOKIE: "I'm a clergyman."

LADY BICKENHALL: "According to custom I searched the room before going to rest and found a man under my bed."

MR. CRANK: "And being a friend of yours, you were not surprised to find him under your bed. This is not a court of morality, or I might have more to say. As for you, sir (*to Brue*), most probably you'll be dismissed from the force."

MICHAEL BRUE:

"I'm learning to say 'Hee Haw' with a proper emphasis."

The Zoological Party.

GERALD TREHERNE:

"It carries a message from me to you that nobody else can know."

The names of the ladies from left to right are—*Standing*—NINA WOOD, MISS ANTHONY, LILY MILLS. *Sitting*—MONICA SAYER, NELLIE SEYMOUR AND KITTY ASHMEAD.

CROOKIE SCRUBBS (**Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS**):
"How am I going on, guvnor"?

SERGEANT BRUE (**Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN**):
About to conduct a raid on his own house in BerkeleySquare.

The Magistrate at Crawlborough Street tells the girls a funny story.

Mr. Crank (Mr. ARTHUR LACEBY): "The papers say I'm funny to a fault."

PROGRAMME.

New Theatre

(St. Martin's Lane).

Proprietor - - - - - - - - - - SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Under the Management of Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON & Mr. CYRIL MAUDE

(during the Re-construction of the Haymarket Theatre).

PRODUCED ON AUGUST 30TH, 1904.

A NEW FARCE, IN THREE ACTS, CALLED:

BEAUTY & THE BARGE

BY W. W. JACOBS AND LOUIS N. PARKER.

Captain James Barley	(of the "Heart in Hand")	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
Lieut. Seton Boyne, R.N.		Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS
Herbert Manners		Mr. H. MARSH ALLEN
Major Smedley		Mr. EDMUND MAURICE
Tom Codd	(Mate of the "Heart in Hand")	Mr. LENNOX PAWLE
Augustus	(the Third Hand)	Mr. ROBERT BOTTOMLEY
John Dibbs	(Major Smedley's Gardener)	Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ
George Porter	(Landlord of the "Old Ship")	Mr. E. M. ROBSON
Ted		Mr. LITTLEDALE POWER
Joe		Mr. A. G. ONSLOW
Bill		Mr. J. B. FOX
Alf		Mr. J. H. BREWER
Jack		Mr. R. EYRE
Mrs. Smedley		Miss ADELA MEASOR
Ethel Smedley		Miss JESSIE BATEMAN
Lucy Dallas		Miss RITA JOLIVET
Mrs. Porter		Miss MARY BROUGH
Mrs. Baldwin		Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT

Act I.	*Major Smedley's Garden on the Cliff near Coastham*	Joseph Harker
Act II.	*The Bar at the "Old Ship" at Coastham*	Walter Hann
Act III.	*An Open Meadow near Hedge End*	Joseph Harker

INTERVALS—After "That Brute Simmons," 12 minutes; after Act I., 12 minutes; after Act II., 12 minutes.

PRECEDED BY A NEW PLAY, IN ONE ACT, CALLED:

THAT BRUTE SIMMONS

BY ARTHUR MORRISON AND HERBERT C. SARGENT

(from Arthur Morrison's Story of the same name)

Thomas Simmons	Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ
Bob Ford	Mr. W. CHEESMAN
Mrs. Simmons	Miss CARLOTTA ZERBINI

SCENE .. *The Kitchen in Simmons' House at Bow* .. WALTER HANN

Stage Manager	Mr. JOHN HARWOOD
Musical Director	Mr. PAUL GRAENER
Business Manager	Mr. HORACE WATSON

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 5. 'BEAUTY AND THE BARGE." Vol. I.

Captain Barley—MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

A. Hands.
Mr. W. W. JACOBS.

E. H. Mills.
Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER.

'Beauty and the Barge'

By W. W. JACOBS and
LOUIS N. PARKER,

AND

'That Brute Simmons'

By ARTHUR MORRISON and
HERBERT C. SARGENT

(From Arthur Morrison's Story in "Tales of Mean Streets.")

Produced at the NEW THEATRE,

By Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON
and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE,

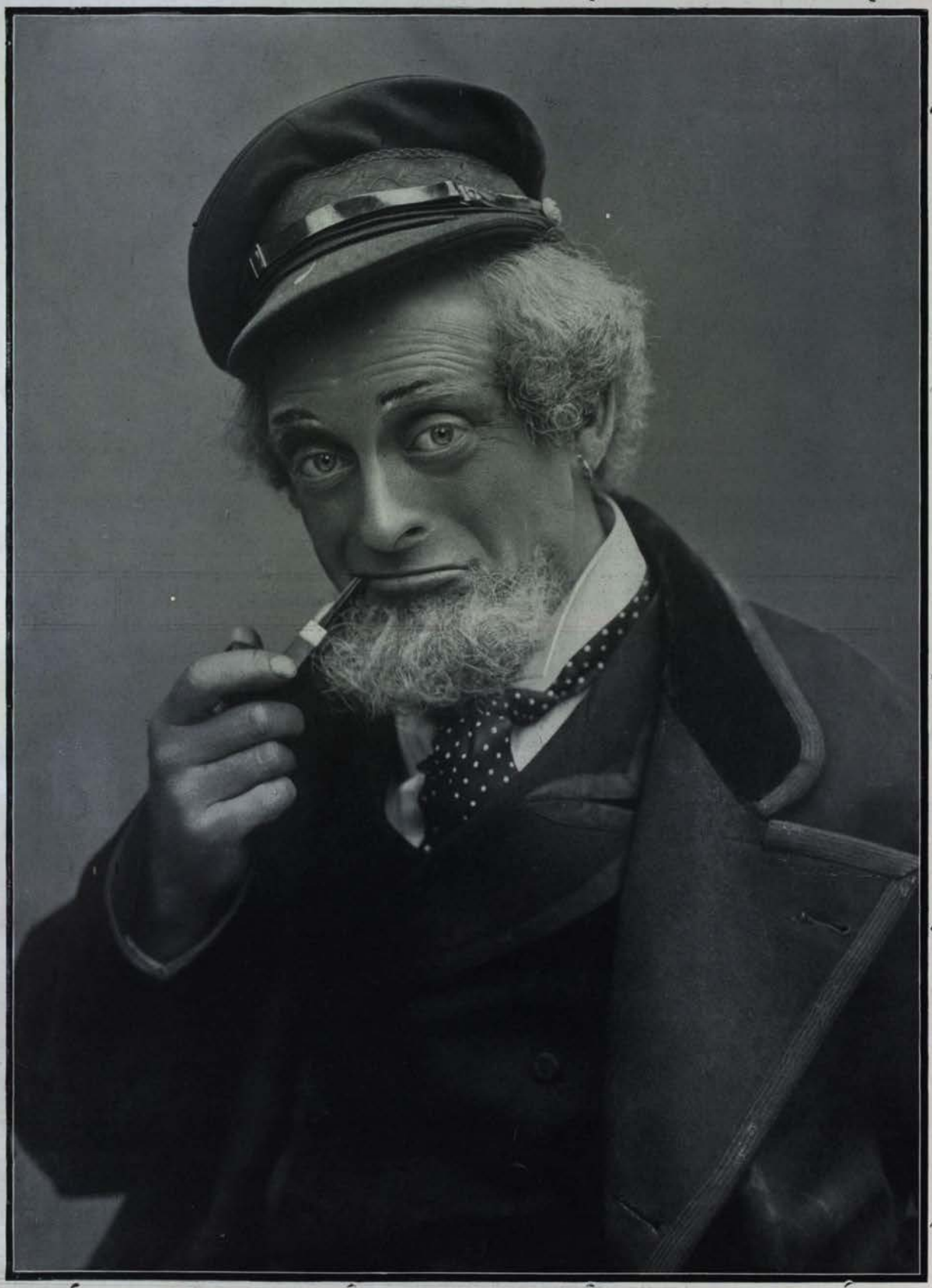
On Tuesday, August 30th, 1904.

Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

MAJOR SMEDLEY: "Go and tell her to come here.

MAJOR SMEDLEY: "She's locked up and she can't jump."
ETHEL: "Oh, what stories! Look!"



Captain Barley—MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

MAJOR SMEDLEY:

"What the devil's this?"

DIBBS:

"They've come out again! And not a quarter of an hour I raked 'em over."

MAJOR SMEDLEY:

"Are you going to marry Herbert Manners, or are you not?"

ETHEL:

"Oh, father, it's awfully good of you to let me choose—and I am *not*."

Lieut. Seton Boyne, R.N. (MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS): "This is the Garden of Eden, isn't it, and you are the guardian angel?"

LIEUT. BOYNE :—"Will you be at home to-morrow ?"
ETHEL :—"No !"
LIEUT. BOYNE :—"Then I can't get the bramble out."

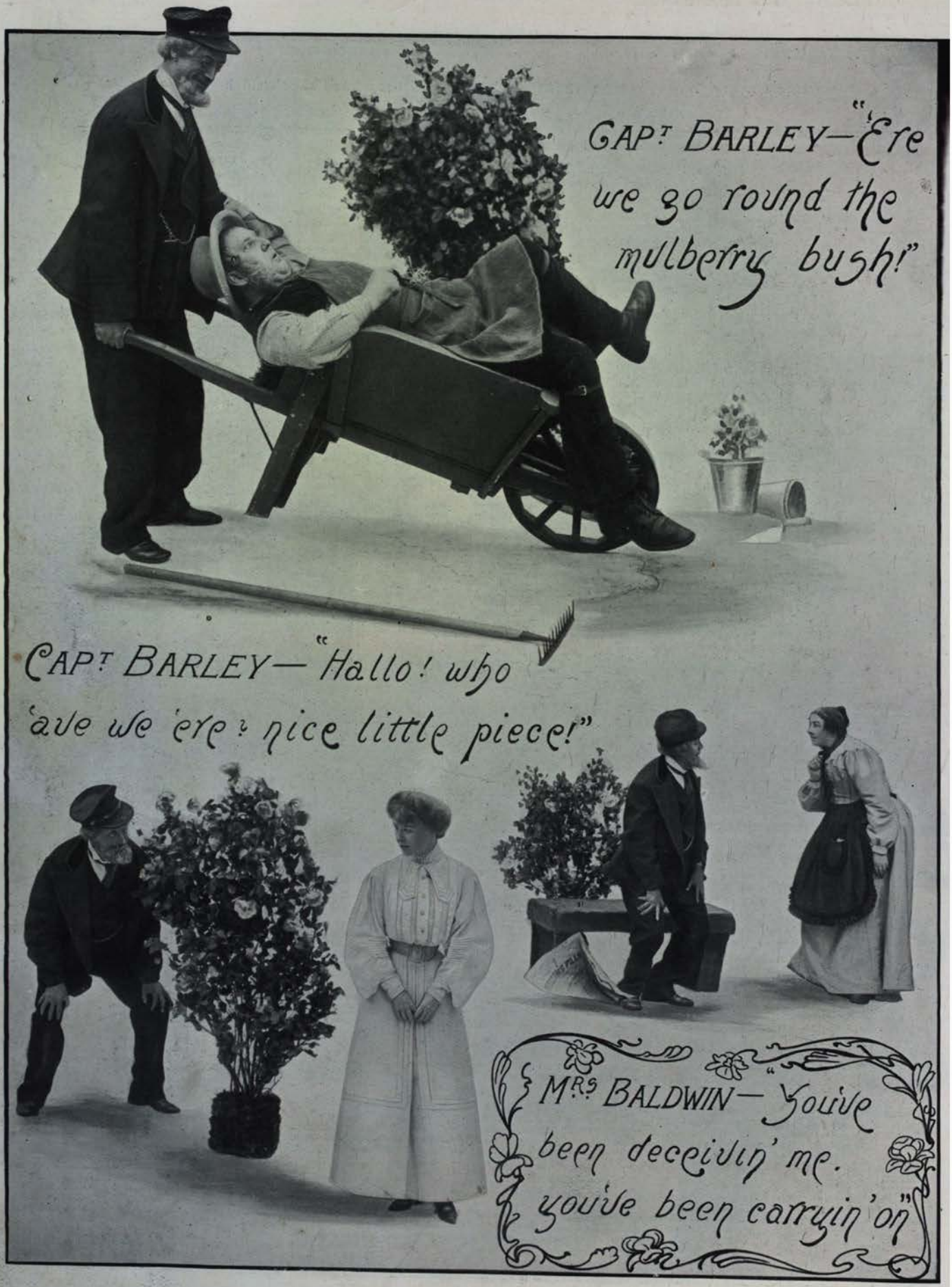
LIEUT. BOYNE :—"And John Dibbs minds his own business—eh ?"

DIBBS :—"Young gals I can't abear ; old gals is wot I——."
MRS. BALDWIN :—"I didn't come here to be insulted, Mr. Dibbs ! good h'afternoon."

DIBBS:—"Love's a strange thing, Mrs. Baldwin. It comes an' it goes, as the sayin' is, and it's only when a man gets pretty near middle age you may say it'll stay like."

MR. FREDERICK WOLFE as John Dibbs.
MRS. CHARLES CALVERT as Mrs. Baldwin.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: "They've never paid a farthing duty." DIBBS: "And why should they?"


CAPT BARLEY—"'Ere we go round the mulberry bush!"
CAPT BARLEY—"Hallo! who 'ave we 'ere? nice little piece!"
MRS BALDWIN—"You've been deceivin' me. you've been carryin' on"

"You ask for me at the 'Old Ship' at Coastham. Captain-James Barley my name is."

Manners mistakes Lucy Dallas for Ethel Smedley

MAJOR SMEDLEY—(Reading Ethel's letter) She's bolted!!"

ETHEL—"Not a soul shall know where I am, mind you write to me every day dear"

CAPTAIN BARLEY: "And 'ow's my Lily o' the Valley this evening!"

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."

Burford.

Mrs. Porter—Miss MARY BROUGH.
Captain Barley indulges in a cigar.

Bill is dancing the hornpipe just as Ethel Smedley enters the bar.

TOM: "I ain't goin to lose my berf to please you."
LIEUT. BOYNE: "Here, come back! Come back!"

TED: "You've left yer beer, Bill; 'ere's luck."
BILL: "I'll murder yer!"

CAPTAIN BARLEY:
"Don't you like it? It's one of your own fourpennys!"

ETHEL: "You said I could come here, you know." CAPTAIN BARLEY: "So I did, miss. So I did."

Burford.

MRS. PORTER: "Captain Bar-ley! Captain Bar-ley! I'm a-lookin' at yer!"

CAPT. BARLEY: "'Ow did you enjoy them drinks?"
TOM: "Couldn't git 'em, Captain!"
CAPT. BARLEY: "Then give me back that 'arf dollar."

LIEUT. BOYNE: "Think of the Captain's face when you come up out of the hold. Think of his face."

CAPT. BARLEY: "'Ere, old chap, you'd better rest awhile."
Tom: "Don't take no notice, I'll be alright after a few days."

Burford.

CAPT. BARLEY: "S'truth! 'e is bad!"

Barford.

TOM: "Wot did yer call 'im, mum?" MRS. BALDWIN: "I called him a flirt."
TOM: "Wot, Captain Barley! Oh, mum, 'ow could yer?"

LIEUT. BOYNE: "Take her along, Tom, and keep Augustus out of the way."

ETHEL: "I know your voice, you're Lieut. Boyne, but you were dressed differently this afternoon."

Major Smedley:—MR. EDMUND MAURICE.

Tom Codd:—MR. LENNQX PAWLE.

LIEUT. BOYNE carries out the landlord.

Mrs. Smedley—
MISS ADELA MEASOR.

Major Smedley—
MR. EDMUND MAURICE.

Lucy Dallas—
MISS RITA JOLIVET.

Herbert Manners—
MR. H. MARSH ALLEN.

Lieut. Seton Boyne, R.N.—
MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

Capt. Barley—
MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

CAPT. BARLEY:—"Pretend you're drunk, and fight 'em."
LIEUT. BOYNE:—"Wot yer take me for?"
CAPT. BARLEY:—"Won't yer?"

MISS MARY BROUGH AS MRS PORTER

MR EDMUND MAURICE AS MAJOR SMEDLEY

MRS CHARLES CALVERT AS MRS BALDWIN

MR E. M. ROBSON AS GEORGE PORTER

MR FREDERICK VOLPÉ AS JOHN DIBBS

MISS ADELA MEASOR AS MRS SMEDLEY

Ethel Smedley—**MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.**

LIEUT. BOYNE mops the deck.

Burford

ETHEL: "Last night I thought you were—."
ETHEL: "You looked it splendidly, and it was all for my sake?"
LIEUT. BOYNE: "I know, I did look it, didn t I?"

Burford.

CAPT. BARLEY:—"The first moment I saw you, I says to myself, 'Jim Barley—there she is!'"

CAPT. BARLEY:—"This reminds me of picnicing times in South En—— Greenland!"

LIEUTENANT BOYNE, *alias* Bill Stubbs, first mate of the "Heart in Hand."

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."

Burford.

MRS BALDWIN: "He called me his—his 'lily of the valley'!"

ETHEL:
"Good-bye, Captain Barley, and many, many thanks."

CAPTAIN BARLEY:
"You're welcome, miss, an' God bless yer!"

Mr. ARTHUR MORRISON.

'That Brute Simmons.'

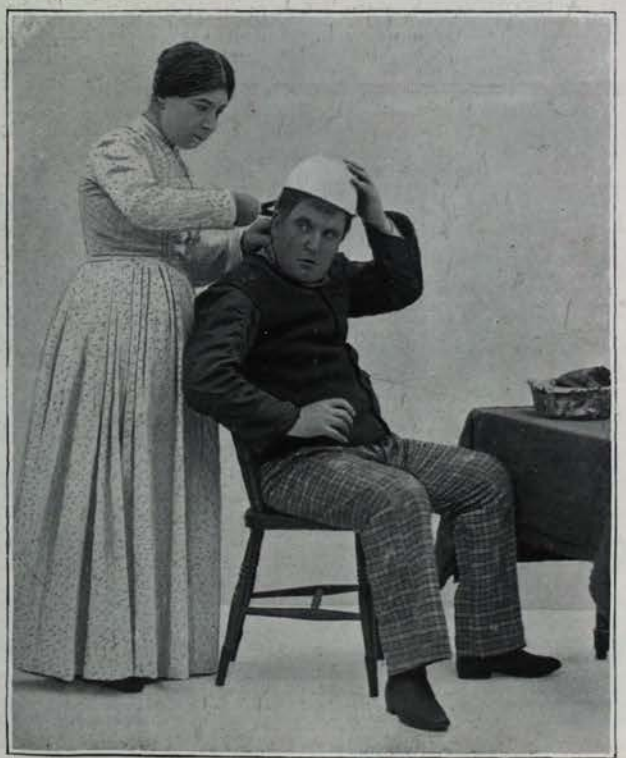
The One Act Play, by Arthur Morrison and Herbert C. Sargent, which precedes "Beauty and the Barge," from Arthur Morrison's story of the same name.

Mr. HERBERT C. SARGENT.

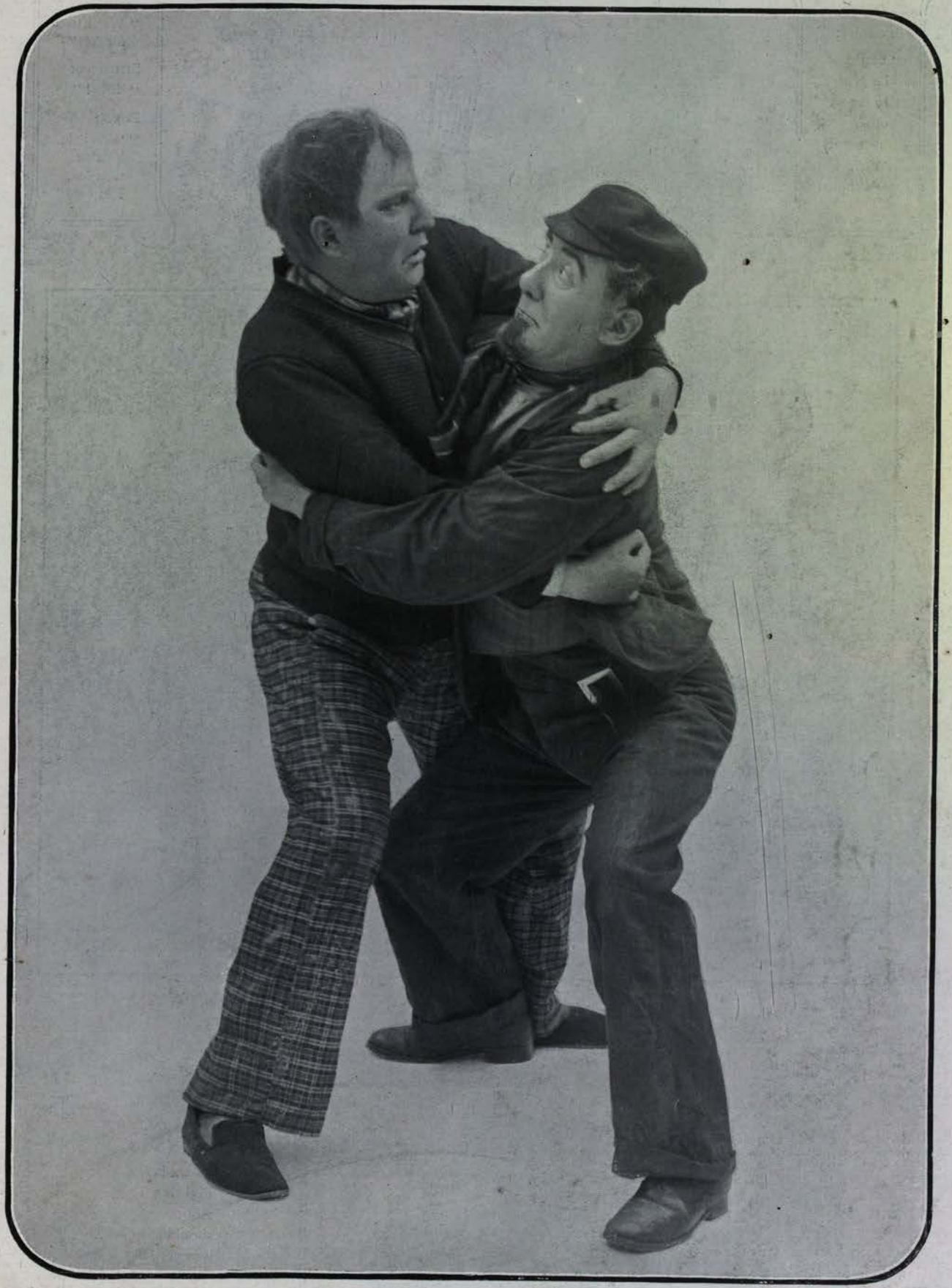
Mrs. Simmons—Miss CARLOTTA ZERBINI: "'Ow often 'ave I told yer to stay on the mat 'till you've got yer boots orf?"

FORD: "I'm Bob Ford, returned from kingdom come—so to say."

SIMMONS: "She don't like smoke inside 'ere."



MRS. SIMMONS: "Wot's that you were sayin' about not bein' married?"



Thomas Simmons— Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ.	FORD: "You don't think I'd bolt—do yer?" SIMMONS: "There's no tellin' what might 'appen to a man who's been drownded for five years."	Bob Ford— Mr. W. CHEESMAN.

SIMMONS:

"You'd be glad to see yer other 'usband. Well, 'e's there!"

FORD:

"We'll toss for 'er."

SIMMONS:

"'Eds!"

FORD:

"'Eds it is. You've won 'er. I'm off!"

MRS. SIMMONS:

"Fighting for me! Fighting who should stop, wos yer?"

PROGRAMME.

Vaudeville Theatre.

Lessees - - - - - - - - - - - - A. & S. GATTI.
Managers - - - A. & S. GATTI and CHARLES FROHMAN.

PRODUCED SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1904.

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, ENTITLED:

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

BY

SEYMOUR HICKS AND COSMO HAMILTON.

Music by Herbert E. Haines and Evelyn Baker. *Lyrics by Chas. H. Taylor.*

The Duke of St. Jermyns	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS
Lord Dundreary	Mr. SAM SOTHERN
Higham Montague	Mr. STANLEY BRETT
Lord Yatton	Mr. CECIL KINNAIRD
Sir John Crystal	Mr. CHARLES DALY
Mr. William Gibson	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS
Captain Rushpool	Mr. MERVYN DENE
Mr. Frank Wilson (of the Earl and the Girl Co.)	Mr. FRANK WILSON
Almeric Montpelier	Mr. P. DESBOROUGH
Bucket (a Page)	Master A. VALCHERA
1st Footman	Mr. WM. JEFFERSON
2nd Footman	Mr. C. J. EVANS
The Duchess of St. Jermyns (St. Jermyns' Mother)	Miss RUBY RAY
Lady Crystal	Miss MOLLIE LOWELL
The Hon. Sophia Bedford, The Hon. Honoria Bedford (her Daughters)	Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS, Miss HILDA JACOBSEN
Angela (her Step-daughter)	Miss ZENA DARE
Princess Schowenhohe-Hohenschowen	Miss LILY MAYNIER
Miss Enid Gibson	Miss KATE VESEY
Miss Caw	Miss BARBARA DEANE
Clotilde	Miss HELENE BLANCHE
Lady Caterham	Miss ROSINI FILIPPI

The Gibson Girls—Misses Hilda Jeffreys, Lily Mills, G. Karri, Elsie Kay, Kathleen Dawn, Marie Ashton, Marion Cecil, Irene Allen, Barbara Roberts.

Guests—Misses Lily Eyton, Edith Lee, Munro Ross, Ida Mann, Stella De Marney, Clara Webber, Lily Maynier, Maie Ash, Eva Carrington, Jennie Bateman, Elsie Melville, Genee Hayward; Messrs. Jefferson, Williams, Henry, Wescombe-Penney, Drewitt, Evans, Ralph.

Bridesmaids—Misses Winnie Hall, Winnie Geoghegan, Alice Dubarry, Crissy Bell.

The Children in the Play are Members of Stedman's Musical Agency.

ACT I. *Lady Crystal's House, Mayfair*
ACT II. SCENE 1 *Ball-room at the Duchess of St. Jermyns'*
SCENE 2 *Angela's Wedding*

After Act 1 there will be an interval of 15 Minutes.

The Play produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Musical Director	Mr. CARL KIEFERT
Stage Manager	Mr. GEORGE FIELDER
Business Manager	HERBERT CLARK

THE PLAY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 6. "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON." Vol. I.

The Duke of St. Jermyns—MR. SEYMOUR HICKS:
"We'll go halves, shall we?"

The Story of THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," which, by the by, has turned out to be a good big catch for the Vaudeville, is one of those merry modern mixtures which one thoroughly enjoys, without knowing just exactly why they enjoy it. In a piece of this sort it matters not a jot whether the music, the story, the scenery, or the acting is the most successful. It is generally sufficient that the entertainment as a whole pleases its audience. In this instance, however, the "story" may, to some extent, be responsible, for it concerns no less a person than our dear old, young friend, Cinderella, which legend Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton have adapted to modern life in the most complete and ingenious manner.

Here, for example, we have poor neglected Cinderella in Angela, the step-daughter of Lady Crystal, a very harsh step-mother; the two "ugly" sisters in her ladyship's good-looking, but disagreeable daughters; and the familiar pantomime "Baron" in Sir John Crystal, an affectionate, but weak-minded father. The Duke of St. Jermyns—rich, young, handsome, in fact the catch of the season—fits in very nicely as the Prince Charming of the story; whilst an ideal fairy godmother comes along in the person of Angela's aunt, who not only arrives from Paris at the precise moment conducive to the fairy story, but actually brings with her a magnificent dress and appurtenances for Angela.

And now let us peep into Lady Crystal's drawing-room during an afternoon "At home" at the height of the London season. You will notice that poor Angela is *not* amongst the brilliant throng. The tea and talk and laughter and singing are not for her participation. She is kept in the background until the company has all departed. Then, but not till then, is her kitchen cup of tea and her thick slices of bread and butter brought up to her by a pompous man-servant.

"I wonder why they're all so unkind to me?" she sighs. "They speak to the servants much nicer than to me. I'm so miserable. It isn't food, it's love I want."

Now Cupid must have been hovering round to take the hint, for her reverie is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Bucket, the diminutive page-boy of the house of Crystal, who proceeds precociously to confess his love for Angela.

"It's you as crep' into my 'art, miss; a little 'ope is all I ask for, miss."

But this little outburst, startling enough as far as it goes, is a mere "curtain-raiser" to a much more important love affair.

Before Cinderella, or rather Angela, has time to finish her tea, the solitary cup and hunches of bread and butter are shared by no less a distinguished person than the Prince—I mean the Duke of St. Jermyns—who, having spied her pretty face at the window, soon gets the right side of the front door, to say nothing of his dangerous rival, Bucket.

It is the well-known case of love at first sight, and the Duke, at a loss for words, fills up the gaps by filling his mouth with bread and butter.

"A sort of picnic without the spiders, isn't it? Are you coming to the ball to-night?"

"No, I'm not."

"Don't you ever go anywhere?"

"Yes. I ride in the Row, and walk in Kensington Gardens, and I *have* been to the Zoo."

"How very exciting. The evening will be shockingly dull without you."

"I shall be lonely, too, when you go. Suppose I pretend I've been to the ball, and I'm tired with the dancing. The Duke's last remarks will be ringing in my ears—"

"Pretend they were 'I love you!'"

"I love you!"

"Do you? Of course, I mean—that's what the Duke would have said."

And so they chat away, as lovers do, until the Duke takes his departure, leaving Angela blissfully ignorant of the fact that her new lover *is* the Duke, and little dreaming that it is *his* coming-of-age ball which takes place this very night and about which everybody is talking.

In due course Lady Crystal and the rest set out for the ball, the pompous manservant begins to turn out the lights, and Angela prepares to retire for the night.

Surely this is the moment for the appearance of the fairy godmother, and surely there is someone hammering on the outer door. Up go the lights, and the next moment Lady Caterham (Angela's aunt) bursts into the room, accompanied by a miraculous troupe of milliners, who then and there trick out her niece in a frock dazzling enough to delight the most fastidious of princes.

"But what will my step-mother say?" asks the bewildered Angela.

"She mus'n't know you!" shouts auntie, who is dancing round the room and wildly waving her wand—the poker. "You must pretend to be my little Irish friend. You're Molly O'Halloran, of county Clare. Begorra an' bedad! I wish I had a pumpkin to turn into a carriage and six. I went all over Covent Garden for you, but there was nothing but vegetable marrows."

And, laughing and crying in the same breath, Angela, now the happiest of girls, is carried away to the Duke's ball by the happiest of aunties.

* * * *

"I wish Angela was here" remarks Sir John, as he wanders disconsolately towards the ball-room.

"Do you? It's quite enough to have had a bad dinner. We don't want Angela as a liqueur," retorts her ladyship.

But Angela, as we know, is very much there. In fact, as the little Irish girl, Molly O'Halloran, she so fascinates the Duke, and everybody else besides, that her aunt is constrained to remark, "I feel like Ashton with a new celebrity."

The Duke, however, is not long deceived, and the courtship continues until Angela seizes an opportunity to slip away, just as Cinderella did, leaving her crystal slipper behind her, which the Duke immediately afterwards finds.

* * * *

It is easy to guess the closing tableau, the procession from the church of the bride and bridegroom.

Says Lady Crystal, "Angela, you've got the catch of the season."

"No!" answers the Duke, "*I've* got the catch of the season."

FRED DANGERFIELD.

Mr. Gibson and his Family.

"My little girls are Gibson girls."

THE DUCHESS: "What college are you at?"

MR. MONTAGUE: "Christchurch. The Montagues have been there since the flood."

THE DUCHESS: "They built the ark, didn't they?"

MR. MONTAGUE: "No, they sent in an estimate for it?"

The Duchess of St. Jermyns—MISS RUBY RAY.
Higham Montague—MR. STANLEY BRETT.

The Hon. Sophia Bedford—Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS.

The Cigarette Song.

Come from the box where your form lies hid—
Magical box with its dainty lid—
White cigarette of the golden tip,
Bring me some dreams as you lie on my lip.

What do I see through the curling reek,
As it climbs to the ceiling the sunbeams fret?
What if the faces you shape could speak?
It's a good thing they can't, cigarette!

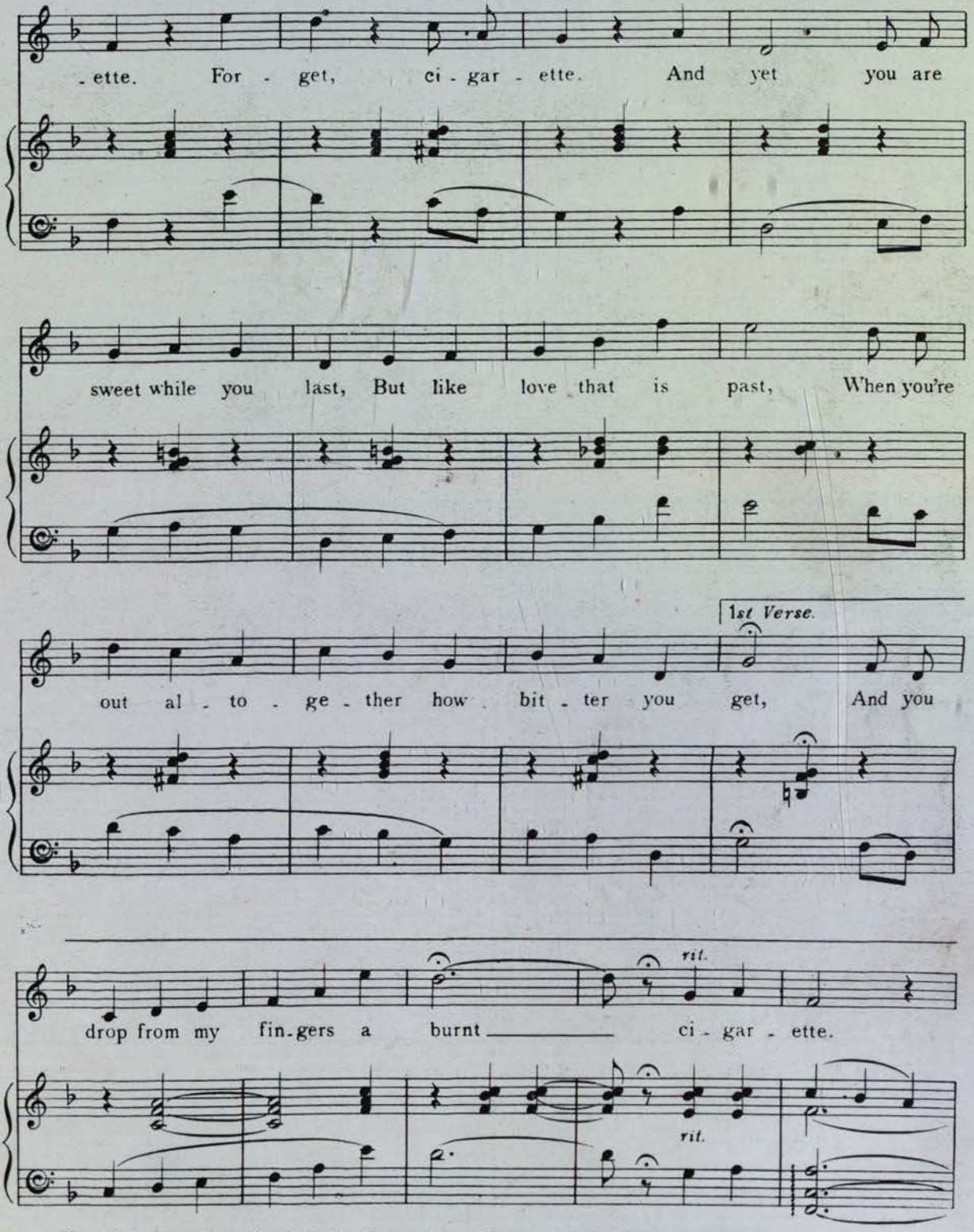
The names of the ladies from left to right are: (Standing) Miss Lily Mills, Miss Marion Cecil, Miss Katie Vesey, Miss Marie Ashton, Miss Hilda Jacobsen. (Sitting) Miss Irene Allen and Miss Hilda Jeffreys.

"Cigarette."

Words by
Chas. H. Taylor.
Music by
Herbert E. Haines.
Sung by
Miss Hilda Jacobsen.

Cigarette, forget,
Cigarette, and yet
You are sweet while you last,
But like love that is past.

When you're out altogether
How bitter you get,
And you drop from my fingers
A burnt—Cigarette.


-ette. For - get, ci - gar - ette. And yet you are
sweet while you last, But like love that is past, When you're
1st Verse.
out al - to - ge - ther how bit - ter you get, And you
rit.
drop from my fin-gers a burnt ci - gar - ette.
rit.

The quotation from this song is published by kind permission of Messrs. Francis Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C., the sole publishers of the score and lyrics.

The Hon. Honoria Bedford—Miss HILDA JACOBSEN.

LADY CRYSTAL:
"Ah, Mr. Gibson, when I look at you I feel that the days of miracles are not yet past."

MR. GIBSON:
"My wife is called 'Lady Bountiful,' owing to the fact that she cost her late Majesty three guineas on three different occasions."

Mr. William Gibson —
Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.

Miss Caw—
Miss BARBARA DEANE.

Sir John Crystal—
Mr. CHARLES DALY.

"Happy is the man who hath his quiverful—perhaps?"

"It's a little song called 'My Singing Girl.'"

"You must see my collection of cigar bands."

ANGELA: "I refuse to have this thick kitchen cup, and these hunches of bread and butter. I'm not a child any longer." LADY CRYSTAL: "What are you then?" ANGELA: "I'm a woman and Sir John Crystal's daughter."

THE DUKE OF ST. JERMYNS:

"No one here—what the devil!"

BUCKET:

"'Arf a mo'. No bad language if you please. It's 'er you want to see. I wouldn't 'ave opened the door for a month's wages if *she* hadn't told me to. She 'olds me in the palms of 'er 'ands."

THE DUKE:

"Here's half a sovereign for you."

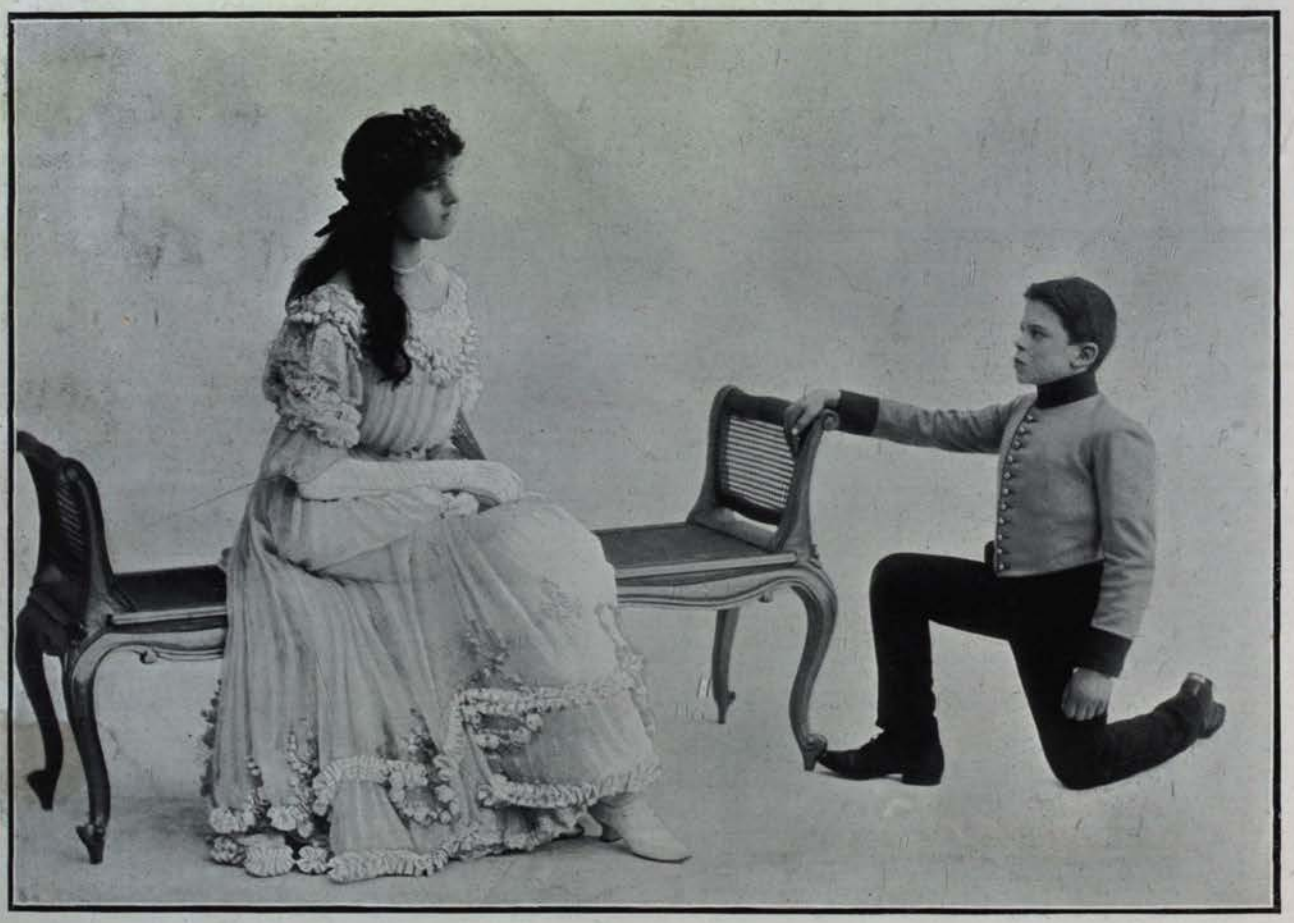
BUCKET:

"No thanks. *I* 'aint to be bought."

ANGELA: "You may pretend if you like, but promise me you won't. THE DUKE: "I promise.'

LADY CRYSTAL:
"The whole thing is settled. Angela is not to go to the ball."

BUCKET:
"Ah, miss! You can have aches in other places besides the tooth. It's you as crep' into my 'art, miss."



Bucket—MASTER A. VALCHERA.

"The Catch of the Season." Act I.

Molly O'Halloran! that's who I am. The Belle of County Clare!

CONCERNING

Miss Ethel Matthews

THE ROMNEY HAT.

THE Strand, with its noisy hum like a giant bee, its fret and hurry and eternal movement, and its squalid magnificence. In the huge Savoy caravansery which is the halting place of the world's elect I found Miss Matthews.

What a wonderful sense of pictorial effect she has. Her sitting room upholstered in pink silk made a perfect setting.

A beautiful and rare white Chow-chow lay stretched indolently and luxuriously across the fireplace.

The Strand seemed very far away. Miss Matthews welcomed me, tea was waiting, and so we began to chat.

In writing of Miss Matthews one finds a certain difficulty in recording one's impressions. She is one of those evenly balanced people with the rare gift of common sense who does not wear her artistic temperament on her sleeve, and where one looks for symptoms of some pet idiosyncrasy, one only finds a charming and gracious woman of the world with a wholesome contempt for all cant and humbug.

In proof of this one only has to hear Miss Matthews on that painful form of hysteria which has produced the emotional gown.

And in further proof Miss Matthews tells one with delightful frankness that she is quite a lazy sort of person with no hobbies to grind. She rarely appears in the illustrated papers steering a motor car.

I do not think I have ever seen her photograph in riding costume—a pose beloved of the lyric stage. She even rises superior to golf clubs and fishing tackle, and I am bold enough to think that she has never read Spencer or Huxley, and doesn't care a rap for biology. Culture, with a large C, is the penchant of a charming *bas bleu* who is also a Gaiety favourite.

Sweet are the uses of advertisement, and the actress who can afford to dispense with the cheap and nasty methods of publicity which are as common as they are nauseous, is to be congratulated.

Miss Matthews' professional career has been somewhat uneventful.

Perhaps her biggest success was made with Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles," an American dramatisation of Hornung's delightful story.

Miss Matthews took the part of Mrs. Vidal, and the piece had a most successful run at the Princess Theatre, New York, afterwards touring through the large cities. She likes America and the American people very much.

A great deal of interest was aroused in feminine minds by the charming hat which Miss Matthews wore in "The Finishing School."

It was copied by her from a Romney and made by her own milliner, and, on the publication of her photograph in THE PLAY, wearing the hat, she was made the recipient of letters from all over the world asking for particulars of the quaint design.

Of course, the idea was immediately seized by the big firms, who reaped the reward of Miss Matthews' taste and ingenuity.

Some day I hope some manager will give us an opportunity of seeing Miss Matthews in a really strong part, and one suited to her style and methods. Up to the present she has been generally cast for insipid *ingénue* parts.

The foreign playgoer, who takes his idea of budding English womanhood from the Society drama, ought to feel convinced that the young English girl of the better class stands for inspired stupidity. If he does not, then it is not the fault of the dramatist. Then there is the young married woman, who weeps automatically and wears the latest thing in tea-gowns.

Again, Miss Matthews has had to bear the burden of dramatic inefficiency, and also as the fearfully conventional wicked woman, who is not allowed to be even decently wicked, but must perforce content herself with a few stale platitudes as to the folly of constancy on the part of the heroic lover, or at most flourish a cigarette in his pink and white face.

Miss Matthews talks wittily and brilliantly, with a flavouring of clever and good-natured cynicism.

She has Irish and French blood in her veins, and if she did not tell one so, it would not be hard to guess. Her beauty is as distinctly Irish as her brilliance is Gaelic. I almost regret that she does not talk with a suspicion of brogue. It is the one thing wanting in an altogether delightful personality.

LOUIS VINCENT.

The Hon. Sophia Bedford—Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS.

I always distrust a good young man.

THE DUKE: "My dearest Mother."

Lady Crystal.—Miss MOLLIE LOWELL.

THE DUKE: "If you hadn't come, I should have gone to bed early."

THE HON. HONORIA BEDFORD:

"Does twenty-one feel very old?"

THE DUKE:

"Does it? Of course there are twenty-ones and twenty-ones."

(To Lady Crystal)

"Haven't you a somewhat younger—I mean a prettier—that is *another* daughter?"

THE DUKE:

"Dear ladies, this is not the abode of love."

ANGELA'S SISTERS:

"We're agreeably disappointed in you. We thought you'd be the usual kind of duke."

THE DUKE:

"Nobody knows I'm a duke until they see the backs of my brushes."

Angela—MISS ZENA DARE.

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

ANGELA: "Oh, it's a sugary tongue you have. Tell me all about this, Miss Angela."

Molly O'Halloran.

Words by Chas. H. Taylor.
Music by Evelyn Baker.

SUNG BY MISS ZENA DARE.

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"This is jolly. It reminds me of the wake we had on grandpa. Shure I've never seen sich lovely ladies or sich pretty gentlemen."

I'M a shlip of a girl from the County of Clare,
'An it's bothered I am by the bhoys over there,
For they tell me it's sunbeams that hide in my hair,
'An the blue of the skies in my eyes.

But I ask them, ochone! if they ever have seen
In the corner of one a suspicion of green;
'An they say that I am, for a little colleen,
Just a bit over wise for my size.

CHORUS.
Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, fie!" "Och! Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran,
Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, why?" "Och! Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran,
fie!" They cry— "Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, fie! Shure, it's
why?" They sigh— "Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, why, If ye
noth - in' to tell Ye that ducks off a well Ye could draw, were ye moind - ed to
meant to say No, Did ye look at us so, With a glance that was tin - der and
try, Och! Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, fie!"
shy— Och! Mol - ly O' Hal - lo - ran, why?"

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

LORD DUNDREARY: "I want to say something that's awkward for one f—fellow to say to another f—fellow. I mean, you can m—marry me if you like."

ANGELA: Daddy, don't you know me? I'm your Angela who loves you better than anybody!"

LADY CRYSTAL. "Good heavens! why it's Angela!"

LADY CRYSTAL: "Do you think we're perfect idiots?"

ANGELA: "I suppose Miss Angela's your favourite daughter?"

ANGELA: "Shure, I don't know that you're perfect."

THE DUKE: "My dear old man, don't stutter."
LORD DUNDREARY: "Very well, then—I w-w-w-w-won't!"
THE DUKE: "Sam, if you stutter I shall smack you."

Lord Dundreary—

MR. SAM SOTHERN.

The Duke of St. Jermyns—

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

THE DUKE: "You're m-making me st-st-st-stutter now!"
LORD DUNDREARY: "'Pon my word, old man, I believe you're curing me."

LADY CATERHAM: "People don't kiss each other when they've only known each other for five minutes."
THE DUKE: "Don't they? You haven't been to Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday."

Lady Caterham—Miss ROSINI FILIPPI:—"The image of his father!"

The Duke dances with "Molly O'Halloran."

THE DUKE: "Her slipper! Cinderella's slipper!"

Mr. Gibson tells a funny story.

"I've got the catch of the season."

Miss ZENA DARE as "The Duchess of St. Jermyns."

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

Lord Dundreary congratulates the Duke on his marriage.

"The Catch of the Season." Act 2. The Finale.

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